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**WORKS OF
THOMAS CAMPION**

THOMAS CAMPION

SONGS AND MASQUES

WITH

OBSERVATIONS IN THE ART OF ENGLISH POESY

EDITED BY

A. H. BULLEN

*Let well-tuned words amaze
With harmony divine.*

LONDON

A. H. BULLEN

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NOTE

WHEN I issued in 1887 the first edition of my anthology *Lyrics from Elizabethan Song-books*, the merits of Thomas Campion still waited recognition. Prof. Arber had included the greater part of his songs in *An English Garner*, vol. iii., but in 1887 Campion's admirers were few indeed. By critics and by anthologists he had been persistently neglected. I pleaded that the time had come for him to take his rightful place among our English poets; and the plea was so successful that he now runs the risk of becoming the object of uncritical adulation.

In the *editio princeps* (which I issued in 1889) of his collected works, I included all his Latin poems; but in the present volume I give only his English works—his songs, his masques and his *Observations in the Art of English Poesy*. The first edition of Campion's Latin poems (Campiani *Poemata*, 1595) is exceedingly rare. In 1889 I had not been able to trace a copy. At a later date Mr. W. H. Allnutt informed me that a perfect copy (the only perfect copy known) is in the possession of Viscount Clifden, who has very kindly allowed me to make free use of this precious little volume.

A. H. BULLEN.

February, 1903.

INTRODUCTION

DR. THOMAS CAMPION was held in high esteem by his contemporaries ; but the materials for his memoir are very scanty. Dr. Jessopp, in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, suggests that he was probably the second son of Thomas Campion of Witham, Essex, gent., by Anastace, daughter of John Spettey, of Chelmsford.¹ This suggestion cannot be accepted ; for it appears from Chester's *London Marriage Licences* that Thomas Campion of Witham married Anastace Spettey in 1597,—when Dr. Campion was about thirty years of age. Sir Harris Nicolas, in his preface to Davison's *Poetical Rhapsody* (p. cxxi), pointed out that a Thomas Campion was admitted a member of Gray's Inn in 1586 ;² and conjectured that this was the poet, who is shown to have had some connection with the Inn from the fact that in 1594 he wrote a song, "Of Neptune's empire let us sing," &c., for the Gray's Inn Masque. Had Nicolas been acquainted with Campion's Latin epigrams, he might

¹ See the *Visitation of London* (Harleian Society, 1880, i: 134).

² See *Admittances to Gray's Inn*, Harl. MS. 1912.

have greatly strengthened his case by adducing the following verses¹ addressed to the members of Gray's Inn :—

“ *Ad Graios.*

“ Graii, sive magis juvat vetustum
Nomen Purpulii,² decus Britannum,
Sic Astraea gregem beare vestrum,
Sic Pallas velit, ut favere nugis
Disjuncti socii velitis ipsi,
Tetrae si neque sint, nec infacetæ,
Sed quales merito exhibere plausu
Vosmet, ludere cum lubet, soletis.”

The words “disjuncti socii” plainly show that Campion had at one time belonged to the society of Gray's Inn. But the legal profession (as we learn from more than one of his Latin epigrams) was not to his taste; and he does not appear to have been called to the Bar. Applying himself to medicine, he took his degree of M.D., and practised as a physician. Dr. Jessopp supposes that his degree was taken abroad; but we have clear evidence to prove that he studied at Cambridge. W[illiam] C[lerke] in *Polimanteia*, 1595, noticing various poets of the time, writes: “I know, Cambridge, howsoever now old, thou hast some young, bid them be chaste, yet suffer them to be witty; let them be soundly learned, yet suffer them to be gentlemanlike qualified.” The marginal annotation to the passage is “Sweet Master Campion.” But I can find

¹ This epigram is not in the first edition (1595) of Campion's *Poemata*. It is found in the second edition (1619), No. 227 of “*Epigrammatum Liber Secundus*.”

² The name “Purpulii” has reference to the masque of 1594—“*Gesta Graiorum*; or the History of the High and Mighty Prince Henry, Prince of *Purpoole*,” &c. Gray's Inn was jocularly styled for the occasion “The State of Purpoole.”

no particulars about Campion's Cambridge career. He is not once mentioned in Messrs. Cooper's *Athenae Cantabrigienses*.

Among the poems "of Sundrie other Noblemen and Gentlemen" annexed to the surreptitious edition (Newman's) of Sidney's *Astrophel and Stella*, 1591, was printed anonymously Campion's delightful song "Hark, all you ladies that do sleep;" and in 1593 he was praised in the prologue to Peele's *Honour of the Garter*. It is clear that many of his poems had been circulated in MS., according to the custom of the time, among his friends. Peele addresses him as

"thou
That richly clothest conceit with well-made words."

The reference in *Polimanteia* is probably to his English poems; and in Harl. MS. 6910, which is dated 1596, three of his songs are found. Doubtless much of his best work was written before the close of the sixteenth century.

The first of Campion's publications was a volume of Latin poems, entered in the Stationers' Register 2nd December, 1594 (Arber's "Transcript,"¹ ii. 666), and printed in the following year. So rare is the edition of 1595 that only one perfect copy, in the library of Viscount Clifden, is known to exist. This collection, with large additions and a dedication to Charles, Prince of Wales, was reprinted in 1619. The

¹ "Richard Feild Entred for his copie vnder the wardens hands in court a booke intituled THOMA CAMPIANE Poema . . . vj⁴."

THOMÆ
CAMPANI
POEMAT.

*Ad Thaneſum
Fragmentum Umbra.
Liber Elegiarum.
Liber Epigrammatum.*



LONDINI,
Ex officina Typographica
Richardi Field.

1595.

ten were reprinted in ed. 1619, with the addition of two new elegies. One of the six pieces that were omitted from the later edition is headed "*Ad amicos cum aegrotaret*," and vividly describes a fit of profound dejection. The rest of the volume consists of epigrams. Most of these were reprinted in ed. 1619, but a few are found only in the early edition. In ed. 1619 all the epigrams in the First Book were new: the epigrams reprinted from ed. 1595 were included (with more than a hundred additional pieces) in the Second Book.

From the epigrams we learn something of the society in which Campion moved. A tribute of glowing admiration is paid to the famous lutenist and composer John Dowland. In 1597 Campion prefixed commendatory Latin verses to Dowland's *First Book of Songs or Aires*; but I fear that in later years an estrangement must have been brought about, for the epigram given below from the 1595 volume was not reprinted in the edition of 1619:—

"Ad Io. Dolundum [sic]."

"O qui sonora cœlites altos cheli
 Mulces, & umbras incolas atræ Stygis,
 Quam suave murmur! quale fluctu prominens
 Lygia madentes rore dum siccat comas,
 Quam suave murmur flaccidas aures ferit,
 Dum lenis oculos leviter invadit sopor!
 Ut falce rosa dissecta purpureum caput
 Dimittit, undique foliis spargens humum,
 Labuntur hei sic debiles somno tori,
 Terramque feriunt membra ponderibus suis.
 Dolande, misero surripis mentem mihi,
 Excorsque cordæ [sic] pectus impulsæ premunt.
 Quis tibi deorum tam potenti numine
 Dignos trementes dirigit? is inter deos
 Magnos oportet principem obtineat locum.

Tu solus affers rebus antiquis fidem,
 Nec miror Orpheus considens Rhodope super
 Siquando rupes flexit et agrestes feras.
 At, ô beate, siste divinas manus,
 Jam jam parumper siste divinas manus !
 Liquescit anima, quam cave exugas mihi."

Another friend of Campion was William Percy (a son of Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland), the author of a collection of sonnets, *Caelia*, 1595. Percy was a member of Gloucester Hall, now Worcester College, Oxford; and to the same society belonged Edward Mychelburne (or Michelbourne), who, with his brothers Laurence and Thomas, was among Campion's most intimate friends.¹ Wood calls Edward Mychelburne "a most noted poet of his time;" but with the exception of two copies of commendatory verses prefixed to Peter Bales' *Art of Brachygraphy*, 1597, some Latin verses before Fitzgeffrey's *Affaniae* and a contribution to *Camdeni Insignia* 1624, he published nothing. Both Fitzgeffrey and Campion thought very highly of his abilities, and urged him to print a work which they had read with admiration in MS. Another member of the Oxford circle was Barnabe Barnes, the lyric poet and sonneteer. For some unknown reason Campion quarrelled with Barnes, whom he assailed with epigrams both Latin and English. Nashe, in *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, 1596, refers gleefully to that "universal applauded Latin poem of Master Campion's" in which

¹ Epigrams to Percy, Edward Mychelburne and Laurence Mychelburne were reprinted in the 1619 edition, where is also found an epigram (not in ed. 1595) to Thomas Mychelburne.

Barnes is taunted with cowardice.¹ In or before 1606 a reconciliation was patched up between Barnes and Campion; for in that year Campion prefixed two copies of commendatory verses to Barnes' *Four Books of Offices*. But the quarrel was subsequently renewed; and in 1619 Campion not only retained the obnoxious epigram of 1595, but added another (i. 17) in ridicule of Barnes. Campion's relations with the brilliant satirist Thomas Nashe appear to have been most cordial. In the edition of 1595 we find the following epigram:—

"Ad Nashum.

"Commendo tibi, Nashe, Puritanum
 Fordusum, & Taciti canem Vitellum
 Teque oro tua per cruenta verba,
 Perque vulnificos sales, tuosque
 Natos non sine dentibus lepores,
 Istudque ingenii tui per acre
 Fulmen insipidis & inficetis
 Perindè ac tonitry Jovis timendum;
 Per te denique candidam Pyrenen,
 Parnassumque Heliconaque Hippocrinenque
 Et quicumque vacat locus camœnis
 Nunc oro, rogoque improbos ut istos
 Mactes continuis decem libellis:
 Nam sunt putiduli, atque inelegantes,
 Mireque exagitant sacros poetas
 Publiumque tuum, & tuum Maronem,
 Quos amas uti te decet, fovesque
 Nec sines per ineptias perire.
 Ergo si sapi undique hos latrones
 Incursabis, & erues latentes,
 Conceptoque semel furore nunquam
 Desistes, at eos palam notatos
 Saxi contuderit prophana turba."

¹ *"In Barnum.*

"Mortales decem tela inter Gallica cæsos
 Marte tuo perhibes, in numere vitium est:
 Mortales nullo si dicere, Barne, volebas,
 Servasset numerum versus, itemque fidem."

The heading "Ad Nashum" was altered in ed. 1619 to "Ad Nassum," but undoubtedly the person addressed was Nashe. It may be noted that in ed. 1619 the first two lines ran :—

"Commendo tibi, Nasse, pædagogum
Sextillum et Taciti canem Potitum."

The "Puritanum" or "pædagogum" may have been Gabriel Harvey, but I can make no guess at his fellow-delinquent. The words "putiduli atque inelegantes" and "exagitant sacros poetas" suggest that Campion is deriding Harvey's insipid attempts at writing English hexameters and elegiacs.

An epigram in ed. 1595, not reprinted in the later edition, is addressed to Sir John Davies, author of *Orchestra* and *Nosce Tripsum* :—

"*Ad Io. Davisium.*

"Quod nostros, Davisi, laudas recitasque libellos
Vultu quo nemo candidiore solet :
Ad me mitte tuos, jam pridem postulo, res est
In qua persolvi gratia vera potest."

The following couplet to Spenser was not reprinted :—

"*Ad Ed. Spencerum.*

"Sive canis silvas, Spencere, vel horrida belli
Fulmina, dispeream ni te amem, et intime amem."

There are memorial poems on Walter Devereux (brother of the Earl of Essex), who was killed by a musket shot under the walls of Rouen in September 1591, and on Sir Philip Sidney. One epigram is inscribed "Ad Ge. Chapmannum," doubtless George Chapman the poet. In ed. 1619 it was reprinted with the heading "Ad Corvinum," and under that

title was included in my 1889 edition of Campion (pp. 339-340). A clever but somewhat malicious couplet was directed against Nicholas Breton :—

"*In Bretonem.*

"Carminē defunctum, Breto, caute inducis Amorem ;
Nam numeris nunquam viveret ille tuis."

This was retained in ed. 1619.

Other epigrams show that Campion was jealous for the honour of his profession and viewed with contempt the pretensions of quacks.¹

Among the epigrams first printed in ed. 1619 we find mention of other friends of Campion. Two are addressed to Charles Fitzgeffrey, the author of a spirited poem, *Sir Francis Drake, His Honorable Life's Commendation*, &c., 1596. In 1601 Fitzgeffrey published a volume of Latin epigrams, *Affaniae*, and addressed two of them to Campion. As *Affaniae* is a scarce little book, which few readers have seen, I will quote one of the epigrams :—

"*Ad Thomam Campianum.*

"O cujus genio Romana elegeia debet
Quantum Nasoni debuit ante suo !
Ille, sed invitus, Latiis deduxit ab oris
In Scythicos fines barbaricosque Getas.
Te duce caeruleos invisit prima Britannos
Quamque potest urbem dicere jure suam.

¹ Campion was a physician of note. He is mentioned in a copy of satirical verses, "Of London Physicians," privately printed (in 1879) from a MS. common-place book of a Cambridge student, circa 1611 :—

"How now Doctor Champion, musick's & poesies stout
Champion,
Will you nere leaue prating?"

This is very mild satire. Many of his brother practitioners are far more severely noticed.

(Magnus enim domitor late, dominator et orbis
 Viribus effractis, Cassivelane, tuis,
 Julius Ausonium populum Latiosque penates
 Victor in hac olim jusserat urbe coli.)
 Ergo relegatas Nasonis crimine Musas
 In patriam revocas restituisque suis."

A couple of fine epigrams are addressed by Campion to Bacon, whose *De Sapientia Veterum* is enthusiastically praised. To Bacon's learning, eloquence, and munificence Campion paid a worthy tribute :—

"Quantus ades, seu te spinosa volumina juris,
 Seu schola, seu dulcis Musa (Bacone) vocat !
 Quam super ingenti tua re Prudentia regnat,
 Et tota aethereo nectare lingua madens !
 Quam bene cum tacita nectis gravitate lepores !
 Quam semel admissis stat tuus almus amor !
 Haud stupet aggesti mens in fulgore metalli ;
 Nunquam visa tibi est res peregrina dare."

Well-earned praise is bestowed on William Camden, and Sir Robert Carey, first Lord Monmouth, is very cordially greeted. Poor voluminous Anthony Munday is gently satirised. He had been a popular writer in his time, but the public had tired of him. Hence publishers would take his work only on condition that his name was kept off the title-page (a stipulation that publishers sometimes make to-day) :—

"*In Mundum.*

"Mundo libellos nemo vendidit plures,
 Novos, stiloque a plebe non abhorrenti ;
 Quos nunc licet lectoribus minus gratos
 Librarii emptitant, ea tamen lege
 Ne Mundus affigat suis suum nomen."

From one epigram we learn that Campion was sparely built, and that he envied men of a full habit of body.

"Crassis invideo tenuis nimis ipse, videtur
Satque mihi felix qui sat obesus erit.
Nam vacat assidue mens illi, corpore gaudet,
Et risu curas tristitiamque fugat.
Praecipuum venit haec etiam inter commoda, Luci,
Quod moriens minimo saepe labore perit."

I suspect that few will care to read all these epigrams, though Campion's Latinity is usually easy and elegant, and occasionally recalls the compact neatness of Martial. He handled hendecasyllables with some success, and the Sapphics are gracefully turned. Meres, in *Palladis Tamia*, 1598, mentions him among the "English men, being Latin poets," who had "attained good report and honourable advancement in the Latin empire." It would be difficult to name any other English writer of that time whose Latin verse shows so much spirit and polish.

But it is not by his Latin verse that Campion will be remembered. In 1601 appeared the first collection of his English songs, *A Book of Aires*. The music was written partly by Campion and partly by Philip Rosseter; but all the poetry, we may be sure, was Campion's. From the dedicatory epistle by Rosseter it appears that Campion's songs had been circulated in MS., "whereby they grew both public and, as coin cracked in exchange, corrupt"; further, that some impudent persons had claimed the credit both of the music and the poetry. The unsigned address To the Reader, which follows the dedicatory epistle, was clearly written by Campion. "The lyric poets among the Greeks and Latins," we are told, "were first

inventors of airs, tying themselves strictly to the number and value of their syllables; of which sort you shall find here only one song, in Sapphic verse; the rest are after the fashion of the time, ear-pleasing rhymes without art." Let us be thankful that there was only one Sapphic, and that the rest of the songs were in "ear-pleasing rhymes." It would have been a sad loss to English poetry if Campion had abandoned rhyme and written his songs in unrhymed metres formed on classical models. In 1602, the year after the publication of his *Book of Airs*, he produced his *Observations in the Art of English Poesy*, in which he strove to show that the "vulgar and unartificial custom of rhyming" should be forthwith discontinued. The specimens of unrhymed verse that he gives in his *Observations*—iambic dimetres, trochaics, Anacreontics, and the rest—are, with few exceptions, merely interesting as metrical curiosities. There was a time when Spenser busied himself with profitless metrical experiments and sought the advice of such persons as Drant and Gabriel Harvey; but both Spenser and Campion soon saw the error of their ways. Rhyme found an able champion in Samuel Daniel, who promptly published his *Defence of Rhyme*, 1602 (ed. 2, 1603), in answer to Campion's *Observations*. Daniel expressed his surprise that an attack on rhyme should have been made by one "whose commendable rhymes, albeit now himself an enemy to rhyme, have given heretofore to the world the best notice of his worth." He was careful to state, with that courtesy which distinguished him,

that Campion was "a man of fair parts and good reputation." Ben Jonson wrote (as we learn from his conversations with Drummond) a Discourse of Poesy "both against Campion and Daniel"; but it was never published.

"Ear-pleasing rhymes without art." Such is the description that Campion gives of his songs. "Ear-pleasing" they undoubtedly are; there are no sweeter lyrics in English poetry than are to be found in Campion's song-books. But "without art" they assuredly are not, for they are frequently models of artistic perfection. It must be admitted that there is inequality in Campion's work; that some of the poems are carelessly worded, others diffuse. But when criticism has said its last word in the way of disparagement, what a wealth of golden poetry is left! There is nothing antiquated about these old songs; they are as fresh as if they had been written yesterday. Campion was certainly not "born out of his due time"; he came at just the right moment. Lodge and Nicholas Breton were less fortunate; they could not emancipate themselves, once for all, from the lumbering versification on which their youth had been fostered. Campion's poetry is sometimes thin, common-place if you will, but it is never rude or heavy. "In these English airs," he writes in the address To the Reader before *Two Books of Airs*, "I have chiefly aimed to couple my words and notes lovingly together"; and he succeeded. His lyrics are graceful and happy and unconstrained; never a jarring note; everywhere ease and simplicity. John

Davies of Hereford (in the addresses To Worthy Persons appended to *The Scourge of Folly*, 1610-11) praised him in most felicitous language :—

"Never did lyrics' more than happy strains,
Strained out of Art by Nature so with ease,
So purely hit the moods and various veins
Of Music and her hearers as do these."

The praise could hardly be bettered ; for every reader must be struck by Campion's sureness of touch and by his variety. His devotional poetry impresses the reader by its sincerity. The achievements of our devotional poets are for the most part worthless, and our secular poets seem to lose their inspiration when they touch on sacred themes. To fine religious exaltation Campion joined the true lyric faculty ; and such a union is one of the rarest of literary phenomena. His sacred poems never offend against good taste. In richness of imagination the man who wrote "When thou must home to shades of underground," and "Hark, all you ladies that do sleep," was the equal of Crashawe ; but he never failed to exhibit in his sacred poetry that sobriety of judgment in which Crashawe was sometimes painfully deficient.¹

In 1607 was published Campion's first masque,

¹ I suspect that Campion clung to the older faith. He may have been related to Edmund Campion the Jesuit, executed in 1581. Some of his most intimate friends—the Mychelburnes, William Percy, Monson and others—were Roman Catholics. Whatever may have been his religious convictions, no charge of disloyalty could be laid against him. In the Latin poem "Ad Thamesin" he had exulted over the defeat of the Spanish Armada, and in "Bravely decked, come forth, bright day" (p. 51) he expressed his detestation of the Gunpowder Plot.

written for the marriage of Sir James Hay, and presented at Whitehall before the King on Twelfth-night, 1606-7. It is a pleasing and ingenious entertainment, the song of the Sylvens—"Now hath Flora robbed her bowers"—being in Campion's choicest style. The additional songs at the end are not so successful; but the Apology to the Reader, "Neither buskin now nor bay," is wholly delightful. In 1613 Campion prepared three masques: one, the Lords' Masque, for the marriage of the Princess Elizabeth, another for the Queen's entertainment at Cawsome [Caversham] House near Reading, and the third for the marriage of Robert Carr, Earl of Somerset. Chamberlain gives an indifferent account of the Lords' Masque in one of his letters: "Of the Lords' Masque I hear no great commendation, save only for riches, their devices being long and tedious, and more like a play than a masque" (Winwood's *Memorials*, iii. 435). It is to be noticed that Chamberlain himself was not present; he wrote merely from hearsay. The star-dance, arranged by Inigo Jones, was surely most effective; and the hearers must have been indeed insensate if they were not charmed by the beautiful song, "Advance your choral motions now." It is gratifying to find Campion at the close of the song commending Inigo Jones' skill and modestly putting himself in the background: "According to the humour of this song, the stars moved in an exceeding strange and delightful manner, and I suppose few have ever seen more neat artifice than Master Inigo Jones

shewed in contriving their motion, who in all the rest of the workmanship which belonged to the whole invention shewed extraordinary industry and skill, which if it be not as lively exprest in writing as it appeared in view, rob not him of his due, but lay the blame on my want of right apprehending his instructions for the adorning of his art." Campion's relations with Inigo Jones were pleasanter than Ben Jonson's. Of the masque in honour of the nuptials of the Earl of Somerset and the infamous Lady Frances Howard, presented at Whitehall on St. Stephen's night, 1613, Chamberlain again speaks disparagingly: "I hear little or no commendation of the masque made by the Lords that night, either for device or dancing, only it was rich and costly." One thing is certain,—that it was infinitely too good for the occasion. With what bitter mockery the Fates answered the poet's prayer for the happiness of the bridegroom and the bride!—

"All blessing which the Fates prophetic sung
At Peleus' nuptials, and whatever tongue
Can figure more, this night and aye betide
The honoured bridegroom and the honoured bride."

It is to be regretted that Campion should have come forward to bless so unhallowed a union.¹

The untimely death of Prince Henry, in November 1612, was a heavy blow for the whole nation, and for

¹ The *Masque of Flowers*, presented by the Gentlemen of Grays' Inn on Twelfth-night, 1613-4, in honour of Somerset's marriage, has been hastily attributed to Campion; but I cannot discover that he had any hand in it. The poetry is of an inferior order.

men of letters in particular. There was no insincerity in the grief shown by the poets. Each felt that he had lost a friend and a protector; for this young Prince—he was but eighteen when he died—had shown himself a true patron of art and letters. To him Drayton had dedicated the *Polyolbion*, and under his patronage Chapman had laboured at his translation of Homer. Campion, who no doubt had been personally acquainted with the Prince, was among those whose grief found utterance in verse. He issued in 1613 a small collection of songs entitled *Songs of Mourning*, set to music by an eminent composer, John Coperario (whose real name was John Cooper). The songs are dedicated to the King, the Queen, Prince Charles, Princess Elizabeth, the Count Palatine (who had come to England to marry the Princess Elizabeth, and whose marriage had been postponed owing to the Prince's death), to Great Britain, and to the World. Good though they are, these songs do not rank with Campion's best work, for he was necessarily somewhat cramped by the nature of the subject. The elegy that precedes the songs bears eloquent testimony to the Prince's virtues and abilities.

Campion's second song-book, *Two Books of Aires*, is undated; but it must have been issued after November 1612 (probably in 1613), for in one of the songs there is a reference to the death of Prince Henry (p. 62). The first book consists of "Divine and Moral Songs," and is dedicated to the Earl of Cumberland, who appears from the prefatory sonnet to have been a patron of Campion:—

"What patron could I choose, great Lord, but you?
 Grave words your ears may challenge as their own:
 And every note of music is your due
 Whose house the Muses' Palace I have known."

The second book, a collection of love-songs, "*Light Conceits of Lovers*," is dedicated to the Earl's eldest son, Lord Clifford. From the Address to the Reader we learn that Campion had many other songs in reserve; "but of many songs," he writes, "which, partly at the request of friends, partly for mine own recreation, were by me long since composed, I have now enfranchised a few."

In his latest collection, the *Third and Fourth Books of Aires*, he enfranchised a few more. The third book was dedicated to Sir Thomas Monson, and the fourth book to his son, John Monson. In 1615 Sir Thomas Monson was examined in regard to the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury, and in October of that year a warrant was issued for his arrest. During his confinement in the Tower Campion was allowed to act as his medical attendant (Hist. MS. Comm., Rep. vii., 671). It appears that Campion himself was examined on 26 October, 1615. He admitted that he had received £1400—£1000 in gold and £400 in "white money"—from Alderman Helwys (or Elwys) on behalf of Sir Gervase Helwys, for the use of Sir Thomas Monson, the midsummer after Sir Gervase became Lieutenant of the Tower; but he knew not for what consideration the money was paid (Cal. State Papers, Dom., 1611-19).¹ Sus-

¹ I have referred to the original document in the Record Office, but it gives no additional particulars.

pictions attached to Sir Thomas Monson, but no evidence of a definite character was forthcoming. In October 1616 he was released on bail, and he was pardoned—not acquitted, but pardoned—in February 1617. Campion's undated song-book was published after Monson's pardon had been granted, for in the dedicatory epistle he congratulated his patron upon the fact that

“those clouds that lately overcast
Your fame and fortune are dispersed at last.”

Prefixed to the fourth book is an Address to the Reader in which Campion remarks, “Some words are in these books which have been clothed in music by others, and I am content they then served their turn : yet give me now leave to make use of mine own.” I think there can be little doubt that Campion did not reclaim all his poems, but that some are scattered up and down the song-books of the time. In the autumn of 1617 the Earl of Cumberland received the King, on his return journey from Scotland, at Brougham Castle. Preparations were made for a musical entertainment ; and the Earl wrote to his son Lord Clifford : “Sonn, I have till now expected your lettres according to your promis at your departure : so did George Minson [Mason] your directions touching the musicke, whereupon he mought the better have writt to Dr. Campion.” The *Airs sung and played at Brougham Castle* were published in 1618. Mason and Earsden were the composers of the music ; but I have little doubt that Campion supplied the words. The charming song, “Robin is a lovely lad”

(printed in my *Lyrics from Elizabethan Song-books*), is quite in Campion's vein. In Robert Jones' collections we find some songs that unquestionably belong to Campion and were claimed by him; and I have a strong suspicion that Jones' "My love bound me with a kiss"¹ (also in the *Lyrics*) is Campion's.

There is one work by Campion which is not reprinted,—*A New Way of making Four parts in Counter-point, by a most familiar and infallible Rule*, &c., n.d. (1617 ?), 8vo. It is a strictly technical treatise. For long it was considered a standard work, and was frequently reprinted (from 1655 onwards) in Playford's *Introduction*. I give here the dedicatory epistle to Prince Charles :—

TO THE FLOWER OF PRINCES, CHARLES, PRINCE
OF GREAT BRITAIN.

The first inventor of music (most sacred Prince) was by old records Apollo, a King, who, for the benefit which mortals received from his so divine invention, was by them made a God. David, a Prophet and a King, excelled all men in the same excellent art. What then can more adorn the greatness of a Prince, than the knowledge thereof? But why should I, being by profession a physician, offer a work of music to his Highness? Galen either first, or next the first of physicians, became so expert a musician that he could not contain himself, but needs he must apply all the proportions of music to the uncertain motions of the pulse. Such far-fetched doctrine dare not I

¹ At the end of each stanza are the lines :—

"Alas that women doth not know
Kisses make men loth to go."

Cf. one of Campion's Latin epigrams ("In Melleam") :—

"Mellea mi si abeam promittit basia septem :
Basia dat septem, nec minus inde moror :
Euge, licet vafras fugit haec fraus una puellas,
Basia majores ingerere usque moras."

attempt, contenting myself with only a poor and easy invention ; yet new and certain ; by which the skill of music shall be redeemed from much darkness, wherein envious antiquity of purpose did involve it. To your gracious hands most humbly I present it, which if your clemency will vouchsafe favourably to behold, I have then attained to the full estimate of all my labour. Be all your days ever musical (most mighty Prince) and a sweet harmony guide the events of all your royal actions. So zealously wisheth

Your Highness'
most humble servant,
THO : CAMPION.

In 1619 Campion republished, with large additions, his Latin epigrams ; and he died on 1st March, 1619-20. Mr. Gordon Goodwin, to whom students are indebted for so many valuable discoveries, found his will in the Commissary Court of London, Book 1616-1621, folio 358b. In the presence of divers witnesses Campion executed a nuncupative will on 1st March, 1619-20, leaving "all that he had vnto Mr. Phillip Rosseter,¹ and wished that his estate had bin farr more." The value of the estate, as set forth in the inventory, amounted to twenty-two pounds (Probate and Admin. Act Book, 1619-1625, fol. 31b). He was described in his will as "late of the parishe of St. Dunston's in the West, Doctor of phisicke"; and on 1st March, 1619-20 is the entry in St. Dunstan's Register, "Thomas Campion doctor of Physicke was buried." As he was buried on the day of his death, it may perhaps be inferred that he died of the plague.

The more we read his songs the more their charm will grow upon us. They tell of Love with all its

¹ Philip Rosseter, the composer, died on 5th May, 1623, and was buried at St. Dunstan's in the West on 7th May.

sweets and sours, its raptures and laments ; of patience under suffering ; of faith in a benign Providence. At their best—as in “Kind are her answers” or “Follow your Saint” or “Now winter nights enlarge” (to cite but three)—they display a metrical skill that is nothing short of sheer witchery. Few indeed are the poets who have handled our stubborn English language with such masterly deftness. So long as “elegancy, facility, and golden cadence of poesy” are admired, Campion’s fame will be secure.

ON CAMPION'S MUSIC¹

BY JANET DODGE

To understand the peculiar character of Campion's music, we have but to read his own prefaces, wherein he reveals, with a clearness that scarcely needs amplifying, his attitude to that kind of song-writing, within whose limits he ever strictly confined himself, and which he made so especially his own. That he belonged to a certain set of musicians who practised the homophonic style then newly introduced into England by Italian composers, is in no way better emphasized than by those little thrusts he could never resist at the school of polyphonists he was himself fast helping to supplant, whose music, when applied to his own form of art, he evidently found so tedious. "There are some," he says, "who, to appear the more deep and singular in their judgment, will admit no music but that which is long, intricate, bated with fugue, chained with syncopation, and where the nature of every word is precisely expressed in the

¹ In my *Introduction* I did not venture to touch on Campion's music, as I have not the necessary technical knowledge. My friend Miss Janet Dodge, who recently edited *Twelve Elizabethan Songs* (1902), has kindly come to my aid.

note." With such "childish observing of words," as with the rather indirect ways of some of the old school, he had scant sympathy. For "we ought," he thinks, "to maintain as well in notes, as in action, a manly carriage ; gracing no word but that which is eminent and emphatical."

But though he shared its modern tendencies, Campion yet stands somewhat apart from that little group of homophonists with which he is naturally classed, both in the scope and in the quality of his work. While most of the more eminent composers of that transition time were as well known for their instrumental as their vocal music, Campion wrote airs, and only airs. And whereas much of their music is still haunted by the shade of that departing style—a simple intention often being complicated by little tricks of the old manner, which somewhat interrupt the perfect flow of its expression—Campion's is possessed of a simplicity and a directness which, as a rule, leave such tricks far behind. His airs, for the most part, are short and for a single voice (the two books which were published for two, three and four voices having been originally written for one), and being such are at once better fitted than any other style of song to contain those "light conceits" which he brought to so high a perfection. He had indeed a mastery over the "light air," and was able to infuse into it an appropriate grace and a significance which was, even at that time, uncommon. Not even Robert Jones, who claimed in the preface to his "Second Book of Airs," 1601, for one voice, that there had not before "been any extant



of this fashion" (though *Campion's*, published in the same year, could not have been far behind)—not even Robert Jones understood its bounds quite so perfectly, and he, more nearly than any other, approaches *Campion* in the character of his shorter lyrics. It was the secret of *Campion's* success as a song-writer that he knew the exact pitch of feeling to which he might tune his air; and at what height, what depth, his notes would best express it.

"A naked air, without guide or prop or colour but his own, is easily censured of every ear, and requires so much the more invention to make it please." *Campion* has thus hit upon one of his most telling characteristics, for it is an ever-fresh invention animating his songs which makes them often both so effective and so varied. Akin to it is that epigrammatic quality which, in "short and well-seasoned airs," he deemed so essential. And again he reminds us of another important point, when he says: "I have chiefly aimed to couple my words and notes lovingly together." That subtle association of word and note, which is one of the marks that most distinguishes Elizabethan song-writers, was ever, with *Campion*, of the highest consequence, and is one of the principal sources of his success. His melodies are so compact in form and so tuneful as to have been compared to the earlier folk-songs and ballads, to which in a measure they owe these qualities. But *Campion's* are of a finer, more gem-like consistence, and with few exceptions have none of the homely character of the old popular music. Indeed, the most perfect of his airs are marvels in

finish and direct appeal. What could be more faultless than the song "Follow your Saint" in the "Book of Airs," 1601, the opening theme of which he seems to have liked so well that he used it later to the words "Love me or not"; or what more delightful than the first phrase of "Awake thou Spring of Speaking Grace"—



A - wake, thou spring of speak - ing grace,

where the melody, as it were, springs to meet the idea? And again how perfectly each note to the lyric "Shall I come, Sweet Love, to Thee" is matched with its word, and how deliciously the sentiment is enhanced by judicious repetition and emphasis at the cadence! Perhaps the "Third Book of Airs" is richest in examples such as these, for it contains, besides the last two mentioned, and others of great charm, such haunting melodies as "Thrice Toss these Oaken Ashes," and "Silly Boy, 'tis Full Moon yet," each so different from the other, but each so entirely expressive in its own way. Yet it would be difficult to choose between these and some of the songs in the First Book, 1601, or in the "Light Conceits of Lovers." "Follow thy Fair Sun," in the former, has a series of chromatic harmonies which is rather remarkable (the music appears again in the "Divine and Moral Songs" to the words "Seek the Lord"); and in the latter there is an enchanting air,

"O what unhopèd-for sweet Supply," with a cadence which, in its rapture, is quite unique in Campion. Of the three songs in the Masques, the most delightful, perhaps, is that to the words "Move now with Measured Tread," the tune of which, full of grace and gaiety, we find again in "The Peaceful Western Wind."

Of Campion's treatise on Counterpoint, Mr. Henry Davey has spoken in his "History of English Music." He draws attention to the inclination towards the modern system displayed throughout the book, and to several points of technical interest—such as the forbidding of false relations, and the passage wherein Campion demonstrates that, "contrary to some opinions, the bass contains in it both the air and true judgment of the key" instead of the tenor, from which ancient musicians were wont to take their "sight." But the most remarkable chapter is that "Of the Tones of Music," which shows a feeling for tonality much in advance of the time. "Of all things," he tells us, "that belong to the making up of a musician, the most necessary and useful for him is the true knowledge of the key, or mood, or tone, for all signify the same thing, with the closes belonging unto it, for there is no tune that can have any grace or sweetness, unless it be bounded within a proper key, without running into strange keys which have no affinity with the air of the song." He even grows indignant over a "tune ordinarily used, or rather abused, in our churches, which is begun in one key, and ended in another, quite contrary to

nature; which error crept in first through the ignorance of some parish clerks who understood better how to use the keys of their church-doors than the keys of music, at which I do not much marvel, but that the same should pass in the Book of Psalms set forth in four parts, and authorized by so many musicians, makes me much amazed." The tune to which he refers was authorized and set by two no less important composers than John Dowland and George Kirbye! The treatise was reprinted by Playford in 1655 and later, with annotations by Christopher Sympson; and Mr. Davey adds, "no other, not even Morley's" [Plain and Easy Introduction to Practical Music, 1597] "was then in sufficient request to justify another edition; the value of Campion's was immediate, that of Morley's had already become antiquarian."

The reason for the neglect of Campion as a composer would be difficult to find, especially when we remember that the popularity of the madrigal and many of the part-song writers has scarcely ever flagged. It may be that his part-songs, not being originally meant for more than one voice, lose some of their sparkle when treated otherwise. And for the rest of his airs, there are, perhaps, few editors who have cared to face the question of the lute accompaniments. But that, in his own field, Campion merits no less consideration than the madrigalists in theirs, seems hardly too high praise, whether that field be considered narrower or not. It cannot be denied that he sometimes wrote carelessly enough—his fault

lay on the side of slightness ; such experiments as the Sapphic at the end of the First Book of 1601, where there is scarcely a note but is "chained with synco-pation," being fortunately rare. Nor did he attain to the richness of Dowland or Ferrabosco : such a note as Dowland struck in "Dear, if you change," or in the "Lacrymae," was, perhaps, never attempted by Campion. His medium was not fitted to so high an emotional pitch. But in his own way, judged by the greater proportion of his airs—by the warmth that glows in them, by their charm of phrase and of cadence, their harmony of word and note, and their perfect modelling—there is no other Elizabethan song-writer who both allures and holds us in quite the same way.

He comes again !
The latest, not the least desired !
Too long in mouldering tomes retired,
We sought in vain
Those breathing airs
Which, from his instrument,
Like vocal winds of perfume, blent
To soothe man's piercing cares.

Bullen, well done !
Where Champion lies in London-land,
Lulled by the thunders of the Strand,
Screened from the sun,
Surely there must
Now pass some pleasant gleam
Across his music-haunted dream
Whose brain and lute are dust.

Edmund Gosse.

*A Booke of Ayres, Set foorth to be song to the Lute,
Orpherian, and Base Violl, by Philip Rosseter,
Lutenist: And are to be solde at his house in Fleet-
streete neere to the Gray-hound. At Lonond [sic].
Printed by Peter Short, by the assent of Thomas
Morley, 1601. fol.*

TO THE RIGHT VIRTUOUS AND WORTHY
KNIGHT, SIR THOMAS MOUNSON.

SIR,

The general voice of your worthiness, and the many particular favours which I have heard Master CAMPION, with dutiful respect, often acknowledge himself to have received from you, have emboldened me to present this *Book of Aires* to your favourable judgement and gracious protection ; especially because the first rank of Songs are of his own composition, made at his vacant hours, and privately imparted to his friends : whereby they grew both public, and, as coin cracked in exchange, corrupted ; and some of them, both words and notes, unrespectively challenged by others. In regard of which wrongs, though his self neglects these light fruits as superfluous blossoms of his deeper studies, yet hath it pleased him, upon my entreaty, to grant me the impression of part of them : to which I have added an equal number of mine own. And this two-faced JANUS, thus in one body united, I humbly entreat you to entertain and defend : chiefly in respect of the affection which I suppose you bear him who, I am assured, doth, above all others, love and honour you.

And for my part I shall think myself happy if in any service I may deserve this favour.

Your Worship's humbly devoted,
PHILIP ROSSETER.

TO THE READER.

WHAT epigrams are in poetry, the same are airs in music: then in their chief perfection when they are short and well seasoned. But to clog a light song with a long præludium, is to corrupt the nature of it. Many rests in music were invented, either for necessity of the fugue, or granted as an harmonical licence in songs of many parts: but in airs I find no use they have, unless it be to make a vulgar and trivial modulation seem to the ignorant, strange; and to the judicial, tedious. A naked air without guide, or prop, or colour but his own, is easily censured of every ear; and requires so much the more invention to make it please. And as MARTIAL speaks in defence of his short epigrams; so may I say in the apology of airs: that where there is a volume, there can be no imputation of shortness. The lyric poets among the Greeks and Latins were first inventors of airs, tying themselves strictly to the number and value of their syllables: of which sort, you shall find here, only one song in Sapphic verse; the rest are after the fashion of the time, ear-pleasing rhymes, without art. The subject of them is, for the most part, amorous: and why not amorous songs, as well as amorous attires? Or why not new airs, as well as new fashions?

For the note and tablature, if they satisfy the most,

we have our desire ; let expert masters please themselves with better. And if any light error hath escaped us, the skilful may easily correct it, the unskilful will hardly perceive it. But there are some who, to appear the more deep and singular in their judgement, will admit no music but that which is long, intricate, bailed with fugue, chained with syncopation, and where the nature of every word is precisely expressed in the note : like the old exploded action in comedies, when if they did pronounce Memini, they would point to the hinder part of their heads ; if Video, put their finger in their eye. But such childish observing of words is altogether ridiculous : and we ought to maintain, as well in notes as in action, a manly carriage ; gracing no word, but that which is eminent and emphatical. Nevertheless, as in poesy we give the preeminence to the Heroical Poem ; so in music we yield the chief place to the grave and well invented Motet : but not to every harsh and dull confused Fantasy, where, in multitude of points, the harmony is quite drowned.

Airs have both their art and pleasure : and I will conclude of them, as the poet did in his censure of CATULLUS the Lyric, and VIRGIL the Heroic writer :

Tantum magna suo debet Verona CATULLO,
Quantum parva suo Mantua VIRGILIO.

A TABLE OF HALF THE SONGS CONTAINED
IN THIS BOOK, BY T. C.

1. My sweetest Lesbia,
2. Though you are young.
3. I care not for these ladies.
4. Follow thy fair sun.
5. My love hath vowed.
6. When to her lute.
7. Turn back, you wanton flyer.
8. It fell on a summer's day.
9. The cypress curtain.
10. Follow your saint.
11. Fair, if you expect admiring.
12. Thou art not fair.
13. See where she flies.
14. Blame not my cheeks.
15. When the god of merry love.
16. Mistress, since you so much desire.
17. Your fair looks inflame.
18. The man of life upright.
19. Hark, all you ladies.
20. When thou must home.
21. Come, let us sound with melody.

I

MY sweetest Lesbia, let us live and love ;
And though the sager sort our deeds reprove,
Let us not weigh them : heaven's great lamps do dive
Into their west, and straight again revive :
But soon as once set is our little light,
Then must we sleep one ever-during night.

If all would lead their lives in love like me,
Then bloody swords and armour should not be ;
No drum nor trumpet peaceful sleeps should move,
Unless alarm came from the camp of love : 10
But fools do live, and waste their little light,
And seek with pain their ever-during night.

When timely death my life and fortune ends,
Let not my hearse be vexed with mourning friends ;
But let all lovers, rich in triumph, come
And with sweet pastimes grace my happy tomb :
And, Lesbia, close up thou my little light,
And crown with love my ever-during night.

II

THOUGH you are young, and I am old,
Though your veins hot, and my blood cold,
Though youth is moist, and age is dry ;
Yet embers live, when flames do die.

The tender graft is easily broke,
 But who shall shake the sturdy oak ?
 You are more fresh and fair than I ;
 Yet stubs do live when flowers do die.

Thou, that thy youth doth vainly boast,
 Know buds are soonest nipt with frost : 10
 Think that thy fortune still doth cry,
 "Thou fool ! to-morrow thou must die !"

III

I CARE not for these ladies,
 That must be wooed and prayed :
 Give me kind Amarillis,
 The wanton country maid.
 Nature art disdaineth,
 Her beauty is her own.

Her when we court and kiss,
 She cries, " Forsooth, let go !"
 But when we come where comfort is,
 She never will say " No !" 10

If I love Amarillis,
 She gives me fruit and flowers :
 But if we love these ladies,
 We must give golden showers.
 Give them gold, that sell love,
 Give me the nut-brown lass,

Who, when we court and kiss,
She cries, "Forsooth, let go!"
But when we come where comfort is,
She never will say "No!"

20

These ladies must have pillows,
And beds by strangers wrought;
Give me a bower of willows,
Of moss and leaves unbought,
And fresh Amarillis,
With milk and honey fed;
Who, when we court and kiss,
She cries, "Forsooth, let go!"
But when we come where comfort is,
She never will say "No!"

30

IV

FOLLOW thy fair sun, unhappy shadow!
Though thou be black as night,
And she made all of light,
Yet follow thy fair sun, unhappy shadow!

Follow her whose light thy light depriveth;
Though here thou livest disgraced,
And she in heaven is placed,
Yet follow her whose light the world reviveth!

Follow those pure beams whose beauty burneth,
That so have scorched thee,
As thou still black must be,
Till her kind beams thy black to brightness turneth.

10

True beauty still shines clearer,
 In closer meeting.
 Hearts, with hearts delighted,
 Should strive to be united ;
 Either other's arms with arms enchaining :
 Hearts with a thought, 10
 Rosy lips with a kiss still entertaining.
 What harvest half so sweet is
 As still to reap the kisses
 Grown ripe in sowing ?
 And straight to be receiver
 Of that, which thou art giver,
 Rich in bestowing ?
 There's no strict observing
 Of times' or seasons' swerving ; 20
 There is ever one fresh spring abiding.
 Then what we sow with our lips,
 Let us reap, love's gains dividing !

VIII

IT fell on a summer's day,
 While sweet Bessy sleeping lay,
 In her bower, on her bed,
 Light with curtains shadowed,
 Jamy came : she him spies,
 Opening half her heavy eyes.
 Jamy stole in through the door,
 She lay slumb'ring as before ;

l. 20. *swerving*. Old ed. "changing.

A BOOK OF AIRS

13

Softly to her he drew near,
She heard him, yet would not hear : 10
Bessy vowed not to speak,
He resolved that dump to break.

First a soft kiss he doth take,
She lay still and would not wake ;
Then his hands learned to woo,
She dreamt not what he would do,
But still slept, while he smiled
To see love by sleep beguiled.

Jamy then began to play,
Bessy as one buried lay, 20
Gladly still through this sleight
Deceived in her own deceit ;
And since this trance begoon,
She sleeps every afternoon.

IX

THE cypress curtain of the night is spread,
And over all a silent dew is cast.
The weaker cares, by sleep are conquered :
But I alone, with hideous grief aghast,
In spite of Morpheus' charms, a watch do keep
Over mine eyes, to banish careless sleep.

Yet oft my trembling eyes through faintness close,
And then the Map of Hell before me stands ;
Which ghosts do see, and I am one of those
Ordained to pine in sorrow's endless bands, 10

Since from my wretched soul all hopes are reft
And now no cause of life to me is left.

Grief, seize my soul ! for that will still endure
When my crazed body is consumed and gone ;
Bear it to thy black den ! there keep it sure
Where thou ten thousand souls dost tire upon !
Yet all do not afford such food to thee |
As this poor one, the worser part of me.

X

FOLLOW your saint, follow with accents sweet !
Haste you, sad notes, fall at her flying feet !
There, wrapped in cloud of sorrow, pity move,
And tell the ravisher of my soul I perish for her love :
But if she scorns my never-ceasing pain,
Then burst with sighing in her sight and ne'er return
again !

All that I sung still to her praise did tend ;
Still she was first ; still she my songs did end :
Yet she my love and music both doth fly,
The music that her Echo is and beauty's sympathy. 10
Then let my notes pursue her scornful flight !
It shall suffice that they were breathed and died for
her delight.

XI

FAIR, if you expect admiring ;
Sweet, if you[d] provoke desiring ;

Grace dear love with kind requiting !
Fond, but if thy sight be blindness ;
False, if thou affect unkindness ;
Fly both love and love's delighting !
Then when hope is lost and love is scorned,
I'll bury my desires, and quench the fires that ever yet
in vain have burned.

Fates, if you rule lovers' fortune ;
Stars, if men your powers importune ; 10
Yield relief by your relenting !
Time, if sorrow be not endless,
Hope made vain, and pity friendless,
Help to ease my long lamenting !
But if griefs remain still unredressed,
I'll fly to her again, and sue for pity to renew my hopes
distressed.

XII

THOU art not fair, for all thy red and white,
For all those rosy ornaments in thee ;
Thou art not sweet, though made of mere delight,
Nor fair nor sweet, unless thou pity me.
I will not soothe thy fancies : thou shalt prove
That beauty is no beauty without love.

Yet love not me, nor seek thou to allure
My thoughts with beauty, were it more divine :
Thy smiles and kisses I cannot endure,
I'll not be wrapt up in those arms of thine : 10
Now show it, if thou be a woman right,—
Embrace, and kiss, and love me, in despite !

XIII

SEE where she flies enraged from me !
View her when she intends despite,
The wind is not more swift than she.
Her fury moved such terror makes
As to a fearful guilty sprite
The voice of heaven's huge thunder-cracks :
But when her appeased mind yields to delight,
All her thoughts are made of joys,
Millions of delights inventing ;
Other pleasures are but toys 10
To her beauty's sweet contenting.

My fortune hangs upon her brow ;
For as she smiles or frowns on me,
So must my blown affections bow ;
And her proud thoughts too well do find
With what unequal tyranny
Her beauties do command my mind.
Though, when her sad planet reigns,
Froward she be,
She alone can pleasure move, 20
And displeasing sorrow banish.
May I but still hold her love,
Let all other comforts vanish.

XIV

BLAME not my cheeks, though pale with love they be ;
The kindly heat unto my heart is flown,
To cherish it that is dismayed by thee,
Who art so cruel and unsteadfast grown :

For Nature, called for by distressed hearts,
Neglects and quite forsakes the outward parts.

But they whose cheeks with careless blood are stained,
Nurse not one spark of love within their hearts ;
And, when they woo, they speak with passion feigned,
For their fat love lies in their outward parts : 10
But in their breasts, where love his court should hold,
Poor Cupid sits and blows his nails for cold.

XV

WHEN the god of merry love
As yet in his cradle lay,
Thus his withered nurse did say :
“ Thou a wanton boy wilt prove
To deceive the powers above ;
For by thy continual smiling
I see thy power of beguiling.”

Therewith she the babe did kiss ;
When a sudden fire outcame
From those burning lips of his, 10
That did her with love inflame.
But none would regard the same :
So that, to her day of dying,
The old wretch lived ever crying.

XVI

MISTRESS, since you so much desire
To know the place of Cupid's fire,

In your fair shrine that flame doth rest,
 Yet never harboured in your breast.
 It 'bides not in your lips so sweet,
 Nor where the rose and lilies meet ;
 But a little higher, but a little higher,
 There, there, O there lies Cupid's fire.

Even in those starry piercing eyes,
 There Cupid's sacred fire lies.
 Those eyes I strive not to enjoy,
 For they have power to destroy ;
 Nor woo I for a smile or kiss,
 So meanly triumphs not my bliss ;
 But a little higher, but a little higher,
 I climb to crown my chaste desire.

10

XVII

YOUR fair looks inflame my desire :
 Quench it again with love !
 Stay, O strive not still to retire :
 Do not inhuman prove !
 If love may persuade,
 Love's pleasures, dear, deny not.
 Here is a silent grovy shade ;
 O tarry then, and fly not !

Have I seized my heavenly delight
 In this unhaunted grove ?
 Time shall now her fury requite
 With the revenge of love.

10

A BOOK OF AIRS

19

Then come, sweetest, come,
My lips with kisses gracing !
Here let us harbour all alone,
Die, die in sweet embracing !

Will you now so timely depart,
And not return again ?
Your sight lends such life to my heart
That to depart is pain.

20

Fear yields no delay,
Secureness helpeth pleasure :
Then, till the time gives safer stay,
O farewell, my life's treasure !

XVIII

THE man of life upright,
Whose guiltless heart is free
From all dishonest deeds,
Or thought of vanity ;

The man whose silent days,
In harmless joys are spent,
Whom hopes cannot delude
Nor sorrow discontent ;

That man needs neither towers
Nor armour for defence,
Nor secret vaults to fly
From thunder's violence :

10

He only can behold
 With unafrighted eyes
 The horrors of the deep
 And terrors of the skies.

Thus, scorning all the cares
 That fate or fortune brings,
 He makes the heaven his book,
 His wisdom heavenly things; 20

Good thoughts his only friends,
 His wealth a well-spent age,
 The earth his sober inn
 And quiet pilgrimage.

XIX

HARK, all you ladies that do sleep !
 The fairy-queen Proserpina
 Bids you awake and pity them that weep :
 You may do in the dark
 What the day doth forbid ;
 Fear not the dogs that bark,
 Night will have all hid.

But if you let your lovers moan,
 The fairy-queen Proserpina
 Will send abroad her fairies every one, 10
 That shall pinch black and blue
 Your white hands and fair arms
 That did not kindly rue
 Your paramours' harms.

In myrtle arbours on the downs
The fairy-queen Proserpina,
This night by moonshine leading merry rounds,
Holds a watch with sweet love,
Down the dale, up the hill ;
No plaints or groans may move 20
Their holy vigil.

All you that will hold watch with love,
The fairy-queen Proserpina
Will make you fairer than Dione's dove ;
Roses red, lilies white,
And the clear damask hue,
Shall on your cheeks alight :
Love will adorn you.

All you that love or loved before,
The fairy-queen Proserpina 30
Bids you increase that loving humour more :
They that have not fed
On delight amorous,
She vows that they shall lead
Apes in Avernus.

XX

WHEN thou must home to shades of underground,
And there arrived, a new admired guest,
The beauteous spirits do engirt thee round,
White Iope, blithe Helen, and the rest,
To hear the stories of thy finished love
From that smooth tongue whose music hell can move ;

Then wilt thou speak of banqueting delights,
 Of masques and revels which sweet youth did make,
 Of tourneys and great challenges of knights,
 And all those triumphs for thy beauty's sake : 10
 When thou hast told these honours done to thee,
 Then tell, O tell, how thou didst murder me.

XXI

COME, let us sound with melody, the praises
 Of the King's King, th' omnipotent Creator,
 Author of number, that hath all the world in
 Harmony framed.

Heav'n is His throne perpetually shining,
 His divine power and glory, thence He thunders,
 One in All, and All still in One abiding,
 Both Father and Son.

O sacred Sprite, invisible, eternal,
 Ev'rywhere, yet unlimited, that all things 10
 Can'st in one moment penetrate, revive me,
 O Holy Spirit !

Rescue, O rescue me from earthly darkness !
 Banish hence all these elemental objects !
 Guide my soul that thirsts to the lively fountain
 Of thy divineness !

A BOOK OF AIRS

23

Cleanse my soul, O God ! thy bespotted image,
Altered with sin so that heavenly pureness
Cannot acknowledge me, but in thy mercies,
O Father of grace ! 20

But when once Thy beams do remove my darkness ;
O then I'll shine forth as an angel of light,
And record, with more than an earthly voice, Thy
Infinite honours.

FINIS

A TABLE OF THE REST OF THE SONGS
CONTAINED IN THIS BOOK, MADE
BY PHILIP ROSSETER.

1. Sweet, come again.
2. And would you see.
3. No grave for woe.
4. If I urge my kind desires.
5. What heart's content.
6. Let him that will be free.
7. Reprove not love.
8. And would you fain.
9. When Laura smiles.
10. Long have mine eyes.
11. Though far from joy.
12. Shall I come if I swim.
13. Aye me ! that love.
14. Shall then a traitorous.
15. If I hope I pine.
16. Unless there were consent.
17. If she forsake¹ me.
18. What is a day.
19. Kind in unkindness.
20. What then is love but.
21. Whether men do laugh.

¹ Old ed. "forsakes."

I

SWEET, come again !
Your happy sight, so much desired,
Since you from hence are now retired,
I seek in vain :
Still must I mourn
And pine in longing pain,
Till you, my life's delight, again
Vouchsafe your wished return.

If true desire,
Or faithful vow of endless love, 10
Thy heart inflamed may kindly move
With equal fire ;
O then my joys,
So long distraught, shall rest,
Reposed soft in thy chaste breast,
Exempt from all annoys.

You had the power
My wand'ring thoughts first to restrain,
You first did hear my love speak plain !
A child before, 20
Now it is grown
Confirmed, do you it keep,
And let it safe in your bosom sleep,
There ever made your own !

And till we meet,
 Teach absence inward art to find,
 Both to disturb and please the mind.
 Such thoughts are sweet :
 And such remain
 In hearts whose flames are true ; 30
 Then such will I retain, till you
 To me return again.

II

AND would you see my mistress' face ?
 It is a flowery garden place,
 Where knots of beauties have such grace
 That all is work and nowhere space.

It is a sweet delicious morn,
 Where day is breeding, never born ;
 It is a meadow, yet unshorn,
 Which thousand flowers do adorn.

It is the heaven's bright reflex,
 Weak eyes to dazzle and to vex : 10
 It is th' Idea of her sex,
 Envy of whom doth world perplex.

It is a face of Death that smiles,
 Pleasing, though it kills the whiles :
 Where Death and Love in pretty whiles
 Each other mutually beguiles.

It is fair beauty's freshest youth,
It is the feigned Elizium's truth :
The spring, that wintered hearts reneweth ;
And this is that my soul pursueth. 20

III

No grave for woe, yet earth my watery tears devours ;
Sighs want air, and burnt desires kind pity's showers :
Stars hold their fatal course, my joys preventing :
The earth, the sea, the air, the fire, the heavens vow
my tormenting.

Yet still I live, and waste my weary days in groans,
And with woful tunes adorn despairing moans.
Night still prepares a more displeasing morrow ;
My day is night, my life my death, and all but sense
of sorrow.

IV

IF I urge my kind desires,
She unkind doth them reject ;
Women's hearts are painted fires
To deceive them that affect.
I alone love's fires include ;
She alone doth them delude.

She hath often vowed her love ;
But, alas ! no fruit I find.
That her fires are false I prove,
Yet in her no fault I find : 10

I was thus unhappy born,
And ordained to be her scorn.

Yet if human care or pain,
May the heavenly order change,
She will hate her own disdain,
And repent she was so strange :
For a truer heart than I,
Never lived or loved to die.

V

WHAT heart's content can he find,
What happy sleeps can his eyes embrace,
That bears a guilty mind ?
His taste sweet wines will abhor :
No music's sound can appease the thoughts
That wicked deeds deplore.
The passion of a present fear
Still makes his restless motion there ;
And all the day he dreads the night,
And all the night, as one aghast, he fears the morning
light. 10

But he that loves to be loved,
And in his deeds doth adore heaven's power,
And is with pity moved ;
The night gives rest to his heart,
The cheerful beams do awake his soul,
Revived in every part.

He lives a comfort to his friends,
 And heaven to him such blessing sends
 That fear of hell cannot dismay
 His steadfast heart that is . . . 20

VI

LET him that will be free and keep his heart from
 care,

Retired alone, remain where no discomforts are.
 For when the eye doth view his grief, or hapless ear
 his sorrow hears,
 Th' impression still in him abides, and ever in one
 shape appears.

Forget thy griefs betimes ; long sorrow breeds long
 pain,

For joy far fled from men, will not return again ;
 O happy is the soul which heaven ordained to live in
 endless peace !

His life is a pleasing dream, and every hour his joys
 increase.

You heavy sprites, that love in severed shades to
 dwell,

That nurse despair and dream of unrelenting hell, 10
 Come sing this happy song, and learn of me the Art
 of True Content,—

Load not your guilty souls with wrong, and heaven
 then will soon relent.

l. 20. *that is.* . . In old ed. the type is broken away

VII

REPROVE not love, though fondly thou hast lost
Greater hopes by loving :
Love calms ambitious spirits, from their breasts
Danger oft removing :
Let lofty humours mount up on high,
Down again like to the wind,
While private thoughts, vowed to love,
More peace and pleasure find.

Love and sweet beauty makes the stubborn mild,
And the coward fearless ; 10
The wretched miser's care to bounty turns,
Cheering all things cheerless.
Love chains the earth and heaven,
Turns the spheres, guides the years in endless peace :
The flowery earth through his power
Receives her due increase.

VIII

AND would you fain the reason know
Why my sad eyes so often flow ?
My heart ebbs joy, when they do so,
And loves the moon by whom they go.

And will you ask why pale I look ?
'Tis not with poring on my book :
My mistress' cheek my blood hath took,
For her mine own hath me forsook.

Do not demand why I am mute :
Love's silence doth all speech confute. 10
They set the note, then tune the lute ;
Hearts frame their thoughts, then tongues their suit.

Do not admire why I admire :
My fever is no other's fire :
Each several heart hath his desire ;
Else proof is false, and truth a liar.

If why I love you should see cause :
Love should have form like other laws,
But Fancy pleads not by the clause :
'Tis as the sea, still vext with flaws. 20

No fault upon my love espy :
For you perceive not with my eye ;
My palate to your taste may lie,
Yet please itself deliciously.

Then let my sufferance be mine own :
Sufficeth it these reasons shown :
Reason and love are ever known
To fight till both be overthrown.

IX

WHEN Laura smiles her sight revives both night and
day ;
The earth and heaven views with delight her wanton
play :
And her speech with ever-flowing music doth repair
The cruel wounds of sorrow and untamed despair.

The sprites that remain in fleeting air
 Affect for pastime to untwine her tressed hair :
 And the birds think sweet Aurora, Morning's Queen,
 doth shine
 From her bright sphere, when Laura shows her looks
 divine.

Diana's eyes are not adorned with greater power
 Than Laura's, when she lists awhile for sport to
 lower : 10
 But when she her eyes encloseth, blindness doth appear
 The chiefest grace of beauty, sweetly seated there.

Love hath no power but what he steals from her
 bright eyes ;
 Time hath no power but that which in her pleasure
 lies :
 For she with her divine beauties all the world subdues,
 And fills with heavenly spirits my humble Muse.

X

LONG have mine eyes gazed with delight,
 Conveying hopes unto my soul ;
 In nothing happy, but in sight
 Of her, that doth my sight control :
 But now mine eyes must lose their light.
 My object now must be the air ;
 To write in water words of fire ;
 And teach sad thoughts how to despair :
 Desert must quarrel with Desire.
 All were appeased were she not fair. 10

For all my comfort, this I prove,
That Venus on the sea was born :
If seas be calm, then doth she love ;
If storms arise, I am forlorn ;
My doubtful hopes like wind do move.

XI

THOUGH far from joy, my sorrows are as far,
And I both between ;
Not too low, nor yet too high
Above my reach, would I be seen.
Happy is he that so is placed,
Not to be envied nor to be disdained or disgraced.

The higher trees, the more storms they endure ;
Shrubs be trodden down :
But the Mean, the Golden Mean,
Doth only all our fortunes crown : 10
Like to a stream that sweetly slideth
Through the flowery banks, and still in the midst his
course guideth.

XII

SHALL I come, if I swim? wide are the waves, you
see :
Shall I come, if I fly, my dear Love, to thee?
Streams Venus will appease ; Cupid gives me wings ;
All the powers assist my desire
Save you alone, that set my woful heart on fire !

But, O, lest I religion should misuse,
 Inspire me thou, that ought'st thyself to know
 (Since skillless readers, reading do abuse),
 What inward meaning outward sense doth show :
 For by thy eyes and heart, chose and condemned,
 I waver, whether saved or condemned.

XVII

If she forsake me, I must die :
 Shall I tell her so?
 Alas, then straight she will reply,
 " No, no, no, no, no !"
 If I disclose my desperate state,
 She will but make sport thereat,
 And more unrelenting grow.
 What heart can long such pains abide?
 Fie upon this love !
 I would venture far and wide, 10
 If it would remove.
 But Love will still my steps pursue,
 I cannot his ways eschew :
 Thus still helpless hopes I prove.
 I do my love in lines commend,
 But, alas, in vain ;
 The costly gifts, that I do send,
 She returns again :
 Thus still is my despair procured,
 And her malice more assured : 20
 Then come, Death, and end my pain !

XVIII

WHAT is a day, what is a year
Of vain delight and pleasure ?
Like to a dream it endless dies,
And from us like a vapour flies :
And this is all the fruit that we find,
Which glory in worldly treasure.

He that will hope for true delight,
With virtue must be graced ;
Sweet folly yields a bitter taste,
Which ever will appear at last : 10
But if we still in virtue delight,
Our souls are in heaven placed.

XIX

KIND in unkindness, when will you relent
And cease with faint love true love to torment ?
Still entertained, excluded still I stand ;
Her glove still hold, but cannot touch the hand.

In her fair hand my hopes and comforts rest :
O might my fortunes with that hand be blest !
No envious breaths then my deserts could shake,
For they are good whom such true love doth make.

O let not beauty so forget her birth,
That it should fruitless home return to earth ! 10
Love is the fruit of beauty, then love one ;
Not your sweet self, for such self-love is none.

Love one that only lives in loving you ;
 Whose wronged deserts would you with pity view,
 This strange distaste which your affections sways
 Would relish love, and you find better days.

Thus till my happy sight your beauty views,
 Whose sweet remembrance still my hope renews,
 Let these poor lines solicit love for me,
 And place my joys where my desires would be. 20

XX

WHAT then is love but mourning ?
 What desire, but a self-burning ?
 Till she, that hates, doth love return,
 Thus will I mourn, thus will I sing,
 "Come away ! come away, my darling !"

Beauty is but a blooming,
 Youth in his glory entombing ;
 Time hath a while, which none can stay :
 Then come away, while thus I sing,
 "Come away ! come away, my darling !" 10

Summer in winter fadeth ;
 Gloomy night heavenly light shadeth :
 Like to the morn, are Venus' flowers ;
 Such are her hours : then will I sing,
 "Come away ! come away, my darling !"

XXI

WHETHER men do laugh or weep,
Whether they do wake or sleep,
Whether they die young or old,
Whether they feel heat or cold ;
There is, underneath the sun,
Nothing in true earnest done.

All our pride is but a jest ;
None are worst, and none are best ;
Grief and joy, and hope and fear,
Play their pageants everywhere : 10
Vain opinion all doth sway,
And the world is but a play.

Powers above in clouds do sit,
Mocking our poor apish wit ;
That so lamely, with such state,
Their high glory imitate :
No ill can be felt but pain,
And that happy men disdain.

FINIS

*Two Bookes of Ayres. The First Contayning
Divine and Morall Songs: The Second, Light Con-
ceits of Lovers. To be sung to the Lute and Viols,
in two, three, and foure parts: or by one Voyce to
an Instrument. Composed by Thomas Campian.
London: Printed by Tho. Snodham, for Matthew
Lowmes, and I. Browne cum Priuilegio. n.d. [circ.
1613]. fol.*

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE, BOTH IN
BIRTH AND VIRTUE, FRANCIS
EARL OF CUMBERLAND.

WHAT patron could I choose, great Lord, but you?
Grave words your ears may challenge as their own :
And every note of music is your due,
Whose house the Muses' Palace I have known.

To love and cherish them, though it descends
With many honours more on you, in vain
Preceding fame herein with you contends,
Who have both fed the Muses and their train.

These leaves I offer you, Devotion might
Herself lay open. Read them, or else hear
How gravely, with their tunes, they yield delight
To any virtuous and not curious ear :
Such as they are, accept them, noble Lord :
If better, better could my zeal afford.

Your Honour's,
THOMAS CAMPIAN.

TO THE READER.

OUT of many songs which, partly at the request of friends, partly for my own recreation, were by me long since composed, I have now enfranchised a few; sending them forth divided, according to their different subject, into several books. The first are grave and pious: the second, amorous and light. For he that in publishing any work hath a desire to content all palates, must cater for them accordingly.

Non omnibus unum est
Quod placet, hic spinas colligit, ille rosas.

These airs were for the most part framed at first for one voice with the lute or viol: but upon occasion they have since been filled with more parts, which whoso please may use, who like not may leave. Yet do we daily observe that when any shall sing a treble to an instrument, the standers by will be offering at an inward part out of their own nature; and, true or false, out it must, though to the perverting of the whole harmony. Also, if we consider well, the treble tunes (which are with us, commonly called Airs) are but tenors mounted eight notes higher; and therefore an inward part must needs well become them, such as may take up the whole distance of the diapason, and fill up the gaping between the two extreme parts: whereby though they are not three parts in perfection,

yet they yield a sweetness and content both to the ear and mind ; which is the aim and perfection of Music.

Short airs, if they be skilfully framed, and naturally expressed, are like quick and good epigrams in poesy : many of them showing as much artifice, and breeding as great difficulty as a larger poem. Non omnia possumus omnes, said the Roman epic poet. But some there are who admit only French or Italian airs ; as if every country had not his proper air, which the people thereof naturally usurp in their music. Others taste nothing that comes forth in print ; as if Catullus or Martial's Epigrams were the worse for being published.

In these English airs, I have chiefly aimed to couple my words and notes lovingly together ; which will be much for him to do that hath not power over both. The light of this, will best appear to him who hath payed our monosyllables and syllables combined : both of which, are so loaded with consonants, as that they will hardly keep company with swift notes, or give the vowel convenient liberty.

To conclude ; my own opinion of these songs I deliver thus :

*Omnia nec nostris bona sunt, sed nec mala libris ;
Si placet hac cantes, hac quoque lege legas.*

Farewell.

A TABLE OF ALL THE SONGS CONTAINED IN THESE BOOKS.

IN THE FIRST BOOK.

Songs of Four Parts.

1. Author of light.
2. The man of life upright.
3. Where are all thy beauties now?
4. Out of my soul's depth.
5. View me, Lord, a work of Thine.
6. Bravely decked come forth, bright day.
7. To music bent is my retired mind.
8. Tune thy music to thy heart.
9. Most sweet and pleasing.
10. Wise men patience never want.
11. Never weather-beaten sail.
12. Lift up to heaven, sad wretch.
13. Lo, when back mine eye.
14. As by the streams of Babylon.
15. Sing a song of joy.
16. Awake, [awake,] thou heavy sprite.

Songs of Three Parts.

17. Come, cheerful day.
18. Seek the Lord.
19. Lighten, heavy heart, thy sprite.
20. Jack and Joan they think no ill.

Songs of Two Parts.

21. All looks be pale.

IN THE SECOND BOOK.

Songs of Three Parts.

1. Vain men whose follies.
2. How easily wert thou chained.
3. Harden now thy tired heart.
4. O what unhop'd-for sweet supply.
5. Where she her sacred bower adorns.
6. Fain would I my love disclose.
7. Give Beauty all her right.
8. O, dear that I with thee.
9. Good men, shew if you can tell.
10. What harvest half so sweet is.
11. Sweet, exclude me not.
12. The peaceful western wind.
13. There is none, O none but you.
14. Pined I am and like to die.
15. So many loves have I neglected.
16. Though your strangeness.
17. Come away, armed with love's.
18. Come, you pretty false-eyed.
19. A secret love or two.
20. Her rosy cheeks.

Songs of Two Parts.

21. Where shall I refuge seek?

I

AUTHOR of light, revive my dying sprite !
 Redeem it from the snares of all-confounding night ;
 Lord, light me to Thy blessed way,
 For blind with worldly vain desires, I wander as a
 stray.
 Sun and moon, stars and under-lights I see ;
 But all their glorious beams are mists and darkness,
 being compared to Thee.

Fountain of health, my soul's deep wounds recure !
Sweet showers of pity rain, wash my uncleanness pure :
One drop of Thy desired grace
The faint and fading heart can raise, and in joy's
bosom place. 10
Sin and death, hell and tempting fiends may rage,
But God His own will guard, and their sharp pains
and grief in time assuage.

II

THE man of life upright,
Whose cheerful mind is free
From weight of impious deeds
And yoke of vanity ;

The man whose silent days
 In harmless joys are spent,
 Whom hopes cannot delude
 Nor sorrows discontent ;

That man needs neither towers,
 Nor armour for defence, 10
 Nor vaults his guilt to shroud
 From thunder's violence ;

He only can behold
 With unaffrighted eyes
 The horrors of the deep
 And terrors of the skies ;

Thus, scorning all the cares
 That fate or fortune brings,
 His book the heavens he makes,
 His wisdom heavenly things ; 20

Good thoughts his surest friends,
 His wealth a well-spent age,
 The earth his sober inn
 And quiet pilgrimage.

III

WHERE are all thy beauties now, all hearts enchaining ?
 Whither are thy flatterers gone with all their feigning ?
 All fled ! and thou alone still here remaining !

Thy rich state of twisted gold to bays is turned !
 Cold, as thou art, are thy loves, that so much burned !
 Who die in flatterers' arms are seldom mourned.

Yet, in spite of envy, this be still proclaimed,
That none worthier than thyself thy worth hath blamed ;
When their poor names are lost, thou shalt live famed.

When thy story, long time hence, shall be perused, 10
Let the blemish of thy rule be thus excused,
“ None ever lived more just, none more abused.”

IV

Out of my soul's depth to Thee my cries have
sounded :
Let Thine ears my plaints receive, on just fear
grounded.
Lord, shouldst Thou weigh our faults, who's not con-
founded?

But with grace Thou censur'st Thine when they have
erred,
Therefore shall Thy blessed Name be loved and
feared.
Even to Thy throne my thoughts and eyes are reared.

Thee alone my hopes attend, on Thee relying ;
In Thy sacred word I'll trust, to Thee fast flying,
Long ere the watch shall break, the morn descrying.

In the mercies of our God who live secured, 10
May of full redemption rest in Him assured ;
Their sin-sick souls by Him shall be recured.

V

VIEW me, Lord, a work of Thine :
 Shall I then lie drowned in night ?
 Might Thy grace in me but shine,
 I should seem made all of light.

But my soul still surfeits so
 On the poisoned baits of sin,
 That I strange and ugly grow,
 All is dark and foul within.

Cleanse me, Lord, that I may kneel
 At Thine altar, pure and white :
 They that once Thy mercies feel,
 Gaze no more on earth's delight.

10

Worldly joys, like shadows, fade
 When the heavenly light appears ;
 But the covenants Thou hast made,
 Endless, know nor days nor years.

In Thy Word, Lord, is my trust,
 To Thy mercies fast I fly ;
 Though I am but clay and dust,
 Yet Thy grace can lift me high.

20

VI

BRAVELY decked, come forth, bright day !
Thine hours with roses strew thy way,
 As they well remember.
Thou received shalt be with feasts :
Come, chiefest of the British guests,
 Thou Fifth of November !
Thou with triumph shalt exceed
 In the strictest Ember ;
For by thy return the Lord records His blessed deed.

Britons, frolic at your board ! 10
But first sing praises to the Lord
 In your congregations,
He preserved your State alone,
His loving grace hath made you one
 Of His chosen nations,
But this light must hallowed be
 With your best oblations :
Praise the Lord ! for only great and merciful is He.

Death had entered in the gate,
And Ruin was crept near the State ; 20
 But Heaven all revealed.
Fiery powder hell did make
Which, ready long the flame to take,
 Lay in shade concealed.
God us helped, of His free grace :
 None to Him appealed ;
For none was so bad to fear the treason or the place.

52 *DIVINE AND MORAL SONGS*

God His peaceful monarch chose,
 To him the mist He did disclose,
 To him, and none other : 30
 This He did, O King, for thee,
 That thou thine own renown might'st see,
 Which no time can smother.
 May blest Charles, thy comfort be,
 Firmer than his brother :
 May his heart the love of peace and wisdom learn
 from thee !

VII

To music bent, is my retired mind,
 And fain would I some song of pleasure sing ;
 But in vain joys no comfort now I find,
 From heavenly thoughts, all true delight doth spring :
 Thy power, O God, Thy mercies, to record,
 Will sweeten every note and every word.

 All earthly pomp or beauty to express,
 Is but to carve in snow, on waves to write ;
 Celestial things, though men conceive them less,
 Yet fullest are they in themselves of light : 10
 Such beams they yield as know no means to die,
 Such heat they cast as lifts the spirit high.

VIII

TUNE thy music to thy heart,
 Sing thy joy with thanks and so thy sorrow :
 Though Devotion needs not Art,
 Sometimes of the poor the rich may borrow.

Strive not yet for curious ways :
Concord pleaseth more, the less 'tis strained ;
Zeal affects not outward praise,
Only strives to show a love unfeigned.

Love can wondrous things effect,
Sweetest sacrifice all wrath appeasing ; 10
Love the Highest doth respect ;
Love alone to Him is ever pleasing.

IX

MOST sweet and pleasing are Thy ways, O God,
Like meadows decked with crystal streams and
flowers :

Thy paths no foot profane hath ever trod,
Nor hath the proud man rested in Thy bowers :
There lives no vulture, no devouring bear,
But only doves and lambs are harboured there.

The wolf his young ones to their prey doth guide ;
The fox his cubs with false deceit endues ;
The lion's whelp sucks from his dam his pride ;
In hers the serpent malice doth infuse : 10
The darksome desert all such beasts contains,
Not one of them in Paradise remains.

X

WISE men patience never want ;
Good men pity cannot hide ;
Feeble spirits only vaunt
Of revenge, the poorest pride :

34 *DIVINE AND MORAL SONGS*

He alone, forgive that can,
Bears the true soul of a man.

Some there are, debate that seek,
 Making trouble their content,
Happy if they wrong the meek,
 Vex them that to peace are bent : 10
Such undo the common tie
Of mankind, Society.

Kindness grown is, lately, cold ;
 Conscience hath forgot her part ;
Blessed times were known of old,
 Long ere Law became an Art :
Shame deterred, not Statutes then,
Honest love was law to men.

Deeds from love, and words, that flow,
 Foster like kind April showers ; 20
In the warm sun all things grow,
 Wholesome fruits and pleasant flowers :
All so thrives his gentle rays,
Whereon human love displays.

XI

NEVER weather-beaten sail more willing bent to shore,
Never tired pilgrim's limbs affected slumber more,
Than my wearied sprite now longs to fly out of my
troubled breast.

O come quickly, sweetest Lord, and take my soul to
rest !

Ever blooming are the joys of heaven's high Paradise,
Cold age deafs not there our ears nor vapour dims our
eyes :
Glory there the sun outshines ; whose beams the
Blessed only see.
O come quickly, glorious Lord, and raise my sprite to
Thee !

XII

LIFT up to heaven, sad wretch, thy heavy sprite !
What though thy sins thy due destruction threat ?
The Lord exceeds in mercy as in might ;
His ruth is greater, though thy crimes be great.
Repentance needs not fear the heaven's just rod,
It stays even thunder in the hand of God.

With cheerful voice to Him then cry for grace :
Thy Faith and fainting Hope with Prayer revive ;
Remorse for all that truly mourn hath place ;
Not God, but men of Him themselves deprive : 10
Strive then, and He will help ; call Him, He'll hear :
The son needs not the father's fury fear.

XIII

LO, when back mine eye,
Pilgrim-like, I cast,
What fearful ways I spy,
Which, blinded, I securely past !

56 *DIVINE AND MORAL SONGS*

But now heaven hath drawn
 From my brows that night ;
As when the day doth dawn,
So clears my long imprisoned sight.

Straight the caves of hell,
 Dressed with flowers I see : 10
Wherein false pleasures dwell,
That, winning most, most deadly be.

Throngs of masked fiends,
 Winged like angels, fly :
Even in the gates of friends
In fair disguise black dangers lie.

Straight to heaven I raised
 My restored sight,
And with loud voice I praised
The Lord of ever-during light. 20

And since I had strayed
 From His ways so wide,
His grace I humbly prayed
Henceforth to be my guard and guide.

XIV

As by the streams of Babylon
Far from our native soil we sat,
Sweet Sion, thee we thought upon,
And every thought a tear begat.

Aloft the trees, that spring up there,
Our silent harps we pensive hung :
Said they that captived us, " Let's hear
Some song, which you in Sion sung !"

Is then the song of our God fit
To be profaned in foreign land ? 10
O Salem, thee when I forget,
Forget his skill may my right hand !

Fast to the roof cleave may my tongue,
If mindless I of thee be found !
Or if, when all my joys are sung,
Jerusalem be not the ground !

Remember, Lord, how Edom's race
Cried in Jerusalem's sad day,
" Hurl down her walls, her towers deface,
And, stone by stone, all level lay !" 20

Curst Babel's seed ! for Salem's sake
Just ruin yet for thee remains !
Blest shall they be thy babes that take
And 'gainst the stones dash out their brains !

XV

SING a song of joy !
Praise our God with mirth !
His flock who can destroy ?
Is He not Lord of heaven and earth ?

Sing we then secure,
 Tuning well our strings !
 With voice, as echo pure,
 Let us renown the King of Kings !

First who taught the day
 From the East to rise ? 10
 Whom doth the sun obey
 When in the seas his glory dies ?

He the stars directs
 That in order stand :
 Who heaven and earth protects
 But He that framed them with His hand ?

Angels round attend,
 Waiting on His will :
 Armed millions He doth send
 To aid the good or plague the ill. 20

All that dread His name,
 And His 'hefts observe,
 His arm will shield from shame :
 Their steps from truth shall never swerve.

Let us then rejoice,
 Sounding loud His praise :
 So will He hear our voice
 And bless on earth our peaceful days.

XVI

AWAKE, awake, thou heavy sprite,
That sleep'st the deadly sleep of sin !
Rise now and walk the ways of light !
'Tis not too late yet to begin.
Seek heaven early, seek it late :
True Faith still finds an open gate.

Get up, get up, thou leaden man !
Thy track to endless joy or pain
Yields but the model of a span ;
Yet burns out thy life's lamp in vain ! 10
One minute bounds thy bane or bliss :
Then watch and labour, while time is !

XVII

COME, cheerful day, part of my life to me :
For while thou view'st me with thy fading light,
Part of my life doth still depart with thee,
And I still onward haste to my last night.
Time's fatal wings do ever forward fly :
So every day we live a day we die.

But, O ye nights, ordained for barren rest,
How are my days deprived of life in you,
When heavy sleep my soul hath dispossessed,
By feigned death life sweetly to renew ! 10
Part of my life in that, you life deny :
So every day we live a day we die.

XVIII

SEEK the Lord, and in His ways persevere !
 O faint not, but as eagles fly,
 For His steep hill is high ;
 Then striving gain the top and triumph ever !
 When with glory there thy brows are crowned,
 New joys so shall abound in thee,
 Such sights thy soul shall see,
 That worldly thoughts shall by their beams be
 drowned.
 Farewell, World, thou mass of mere confusion !
 False light, with many shadows dimmed ; 10
 Old witch, with new foils trimmed ;
 Thou deadly sleep of soul, and charmed illusion !
 I the King will seek, of Kings adored ;
 Spring of light ; tree of grace and bliss,
 Whose fruit so sovereign is
 That all who taste it are from death restored.

XIX

LIGHTEN, heavy heart, thy sprite,
 The joys recall that thence are fled ;
 Yield thy breast some living light ;
 The man that nothing doth is dead.
 Tune thy temper to these sounds,
 And quicken so thy joyless mind ;
 Sloth the worst and best confounds :
 It is the ruin of mankind.

DIVINE AND MORAL SONGS 61

From her cave rise all distastes,
Which unresolved Despair pursues ; 10
Whom soon after Violence hastes,
Herself, ungrateful, to abuse.
Skies are cleared with stirring winds,
Th' unmoved water moorish grows ;
Every eye much pleasure finds
To view a stream that brightly flows.

XX

JACK and Joan they think no ill,
But loving live, and merry still ;
Do their week-days' work, and pray
Devoutly on the holy day :
Skip and trip it on the green,
And help to choose the Summer Queen ;
Lash out, at a country-feast,
Their silver penny with the best.

Well can they judge of nappy ale,
And tell at large a winter tale ; 10
Climb up to the apple loft,
And turn the crabs till they be soft.
Tib is all the father's joy,
And little Tom the mother's boy.
All their pleasure is Content ;
And care, to pay their yearly rent.

Joan can call by name her cows,
And deck her windows with green boughs ;

She can wreaths and tuttyes make,
 And trim with plums a bridal cake. 20
 Jack knows what brings gain or loss ;
 And his long flail can stoutly toss :
 Makes the hedge, which others break ;
 And ever thinks what he doth speak.

Now, you courtly dames and knights,
 That study only strange delights ;
 Though you scorn the homespun gray,
 And revel in your rich array :
 Though your tongues dissemble deep,
 And can your heads from danger keep ; 30
 Yet, for all your pomp and train,
 Securer lives the silly swain.

XXI

ALL looks be pale, hearts cold as stone,
 For Hally now is dead and gone !
 Hally, in whose sight,
 Most sweet sight,
 All the earth late took delight.
 Every eye, weep with me !
 Joys drowned in tears must be.

His ivory skin, his comely hair,
 His rosy cheeks, so clear and fair,
 Eyes that once did grace 10
 His bright face,—
 Now in him all want their place

Eyes and hearts weep with me !
For who so kind as he ?

His youth was like an April flower,
Adorned with beauty, love, and power.

Glory strewed his way,
Whose wreathes gay
Now are all turned to decay.

Then again weep with me ! 20
None feel more cause than we.

No more may his wished sight return,
His golden lamp no more can burn.

Quenched is all his flame ;
His hoped fame

Now hath left him nought but name.
For him all weep with me !
Since more him none shall see.

THE SECOND BOOK OF AIRS, CONTAINING
LIGHT CONCEITS OF LOVERS.

TO THE RIGHT NOBLE AND VIRTUOUS HENRY,
LORD CLIFFORD, SON AND HEIR TO THE RIGHT
HONOURABLE FRANCIS, EARL OF CUMBERLAND.

SUCH days as wear the badge of holy red
Are for devotion marked and sage delight ;
The vulgar low-days, undistinguished,
Are left for labour, games, and sportful sights.

This several and so differing use of time,
Within th' enclosure of one week we find ;
Which I resemble in my Notes and Rhyme,
Expressing both in their peculiar kind.

Pure Hymns, such as the Seventh Day loves, do lead ;
Grave age did justly challenge those of me : 10
These weekday works, in order that succeed,
Your youth best fits ; and yours, young Lord, they
be,

As he is who to them their being gave :
If th' one, the other you of force must have.

Your Honour's

THOMAS CAMPIAN.

TO THE READER.

*THAT holy hymns with lovers' cares are knit
Both in one quire here, thou mayest think't unfit.
Why dost not blame the Stationer as well,
Who in the same shop sets all sorts to sell ?
Divine with styles profane, grave shelved with vain,
And some matched worse. Yet none of him complain.*

I

VAIN men, whose follies make a god of Love,
Whose blindness beauty doth immortal deem ;
Praise not what you desire but what you prove,
Count those things good that are, not those that seem :
I cannot call her true that's false to me,
Nor make of women more than women be.

How fair an entrance breaks the way to love !
How rich of golden hope and gay delight !
What heart cannot a modest beauty move ?
Who, seeing clear day once, will dream of night ? 10
She seemed a saint, that brake her faith with me,
But proved a woman as all other be.

So bitter is their sweet that true content
Unhappy men in them may never find :
Ah ! but without them none. Both must concent,
Else uncouth are the joys of either kind.
Let us then praise their good, forget their ill :
Men must be men, and women women still.

II

How eas'ly wert thou chained,
Fond heart, by favours feigned !

Why lived thy hopes in grace,
 Straight to die disdained ?
 But since th' art now beguiled
 By love that falsely smiled,
 In some less happy place
 Mourn alone exiled !
 My love still here increaseth,
 And with my love my grief, 10
 While her sweet bounty ceaseth,
 That gave my woes relief.
 Yet 'tis no woman leaves me,
 For such may prove unjust ;
 A goddess thus deceives me,
 Whose faith who could mistrust ?

A goddess so much graced,
 That Paradise is placed
 In her most heav'nly breast,
 Once by love embraced : 20
 But love, that so kind proved,
 Is now from her removed,
 Nor will he longer rest
 Where no faith is loved.
 If powers celestial wound us
 And will not yield relief,
 Woe then must needs confound us,
 For none can cure our grief.
 No wonder if I languish
 Through burden of my smart : 30
 It is no common anguish
 From Paradise to part.

III

HARDEN now thy tired heart, with more than flinty
rage!
Ne'er let her false tears henceforth thy constant grief
assuage!
Once true happy days thou saw'st when she stood
firm and kind,
Both as one then lived and held one ear, one tongue,
one mind:
But now those bright hours be fled, and never may
return;
What then remains but her untruths to mourn?
Silly trait'ress, who shall now thy careless tresses
place?
Who thy pretty talk supply, whose ear thy music
grace?
Who shall thy bright eyes admire? what lips triumph
with thine?
Day by day who'll visit thee and say "Th' art only
mine"? 10
Such a time there was, God wot, but such shall never
be:
Too oft, I fear, thou wilt remember me.

IV

O WHAT unhop'd for sweet supply!
O what joys exceeding!
What an affecting charm feel I,
From delight proceeding!

68 *LIGHT CONCEITS OF LOVERS*

That which I long despaired to be,
To her I am, and she to me.

She that alone in cloudy grief
Long to me appeared :
She now alone with bright relief
All those clouds hath cleared. 10
Both are immortal and divine :
Since I am hers, and she is mine.

V

WHERE she her sacred bower adorns,
The rivers clearly flow ;
The groves and meadows swell with flowers,
The winds all gently blow.
Her sun-like beauty shines so fair,
Her spring can never fade :
Who then can blame the life that strives
To harbour in her shade ?

Her grace I sought, her love I wooed,
Her love thought to obtain ; 10
No time, no toil, no vow, no faith,
Her wished grace can gain.
Yet truth can tell my heart is hers,
And her will I adore ;
And from that love when I depart,
Let heaven view me no more !

1. 10. *thought to.* Old ed. "though I."

LIGHT CONCEITS OF LOVERS 69

Her roses with my praye[r]s shall spring ;
And when her trees I praise,
Their boughs shall blossom, mellow fruit
Shall straw her pleasant ways. 20
The words of hearty zeal have power
High wonders to effect ;
O why should then her princely ear
My words or zeal neglect ?

If she my faith misdeems, or worth,
Woe worth my hapless fate !
For though time can my truth reveal,
That time will come too late.
And who can glory in the worth,
That cannot yield him grace ? 30
Content in everything is not,
Nor joy in every place.

But from her bower of joy since I
Must now excluded be,
And she will not relieve my cares,
Which none can help but she ;
My comfort in her love shall dwell,
Her love lodge in my breast,
And though not in her bower, yet I
Shall in her temple rest. 40

VI

FAIN would I my love disclose,
Ask what honour might deny ;
But both love and her I lose,
From my motion if she fly.

70 *LIGHT CONCEITS OF LOVERS*

Worse than pain is fear to me :
 Then hold in fancy though it burn !
 If not happy, safe I'll be,
 And to my cloistered cares return.

Yet, O yet, in vain I strive
 To repress my schooled desire ; 10
 More and more the flames revive,
 I consume in mine own fire.
 She would pity, might she know
 The harms that I for her endure :
 Speak then, and get comfort so ;
 A wound long hid grows past recure.

Wise she is, and needs must know
 All th' attempts that beauty moves :
 Fair she is, and honoured so
 That she, sure, hath tried some loves. 20
 If with love I tempt her then,
 'Tis but her due to be desired :
 What would women think of men
 If their deserts were not admired ?

Women, courted, have the hand
 To discard what they distaste :
 But those dames whom none demand
 Want oft what their wills embraced.
 Could their firmness iron excel,
 As they are fair, they should be sought : 30
 When true thieves use falsehood well,
 As they are wise they will be caught.

l. 16. *first*. Old ed. "most."

VII

GIVE beauty all her right,
 She's not to one form tied ;
 Each shape yields fair delight,
 Where her perfections 'bide.
 Helen, I grant, might pleasing be ;
 And Ros'mond was as sweet as she.

Some the quick eye commends ;
 Some swelling lips and red ;
 Pale looks have many friends,
 Through sacred sweetness bred. 10

Meadows have flowers that pleasure move,
 Though roses are the flowers of love.

Free beauty is not bound
 To one unmoved clime :
 She visits every ground,
 And favours every time.
 Let the old loves with mine compare,
 My Sovereign is as sweet and fair.

VIII

O DEAR ! that I with thee might live,
 From human trace removed !
 Where jealous care might neither grieve,
 Yet each dote on their loved.
 While fond fear may colour find, love's seldom pleased :
 But much like a sick man's rest, it's soon diseased.

1. 8. *swelling*. Old ed. "smelling."

IX

Oh ! if such a saint there be,
Some hope yet remains for me :
Prayer or sacrifice may gain
From her implored grace relief ; 10
To release me of my pain,
Or at the least to ease my grief.

Young am I, and far from guile,
The more is my woe the while :
Falsehood with a smooth disguise
My simple meaning hath abused :
Casting mists before mine eyes,
By which my senses are confused.

Fair he is, who vowed to me
That he only mine would be ; 20
But, alas, his mind is caught
With every gaudy bait he sees :
And too late my flame is taught
That too much kindness makes men freeze.

From me all my friends are gone,
While I pine for him alone ;
And not one will rue my case,
But rather my distress deride :
That I think there is no place
Where Pity ever yet did 'bide. 30

X

WHAT harvest half so sweet is
As still to reap the kisses
Grown ripe in sowing ?
And straight to be receiver
Of that which thou art giver,
Rich in bestowing ?

74 *LIGHT CONCEITS OF LOVERS*

Kiss then, my Harvest Queen,
 Full garners heaping !
 Kisses, ripest when th' are green,
 Want only reaping. 10

The dove alone expresses
 Her fervency in kisses,
 Of all most loving :
 A creature as offenceless
 As those things that are senseless
 And void of moving.
 Let us so love and kiss,
 Though all envy us :
 That which kind, and harmless is,
 None can deny us. 20

XI

SWEET, exclude me not, nor be divided
 From him that ere long must bed thee :
 All thy maiden doubts law hath decided ;
 Sure we are, and I must wed thee.
 Presume then yet a little more :
 Here's the way, bar not the door.

Tenants, to fulfil their landlord's pleasure,
 Pay their rent before the quarter :
 'Tis my case, if you it rightly measure ;
 Put me not then off with laughter. 10
 Consider then a little more :
 Here's the way to all my store.

Why were doors in love's despatch devised?
Are not laws enough restraining?
Women are most apt to be surprised
Sleeping, or sleep wisely feigning.
Then grace me yet a little more:
Here's the way, bar not the door.

XII

THE peaceful western wind
The winter storms hath tamed,
And Nature in each kind
The kind heat hath inflamed:
The forward buds so sweetly breathe
Out of their earthly bowers,
That heaven, which views their pomp beneath,
Would fain be decked with flowers.

See how the morning smiles
On her bright eastern hill, 10
And with soft steps beguiles
Them that lie slumbering still!
The music-loving birds are come
From cliffs and rocks unknown,
To see the trees and briars bloom
That late were overflowed.

What Saturn did destroy,
Love's Queen revives again;
And now her naked boy
Doth in the fields remain, 20

76 *LIGHT CONCEITS OF LOVERS*

Where he such pleasing change doth view
In every living thing,
As if the world were born anew
To gratify the spring.

If all things life present,
Why die my comforts then ?
Why suffers my content ?
Am I the worst of men ?
O, Beauty, be not thou accused
Too justly in this case !
Unkindly if true love be used,
'Twill yield thee little grace.

30

XIII

THERE is none, O none but you,
That from me estrange your sight,
Whom mine eyes affect to view
Or chained ears hear with delight.

Other beauties others move,
In you I all graces find ;
Such is the effect of love,
To make them happy that are kind.

Women in frail beauty trust,
Only seem you fair to me ;
Yet prove truly kind and just,
For that may not dissembled be.

10

LIGHT CONCEITS OF LOVERS 77

Sweet, afford me then your sight,
That, surveying all your looks,
Endless volumes I may write
And fill the world with envied books :

Which when after-ages view,
All shall wonder and despair,
Woman to find man so true,
Or man a woman half so fair. 20

XIV

PINED I am and like to die,
And all for lack of that which I
Do every day refuse.
If I musing sit or stand,
Some puts it daily in my hand,
To interrupt my muse :
The same thing I seek and fly,
And want that which none would deny.

In my bed, when I should rest,
It breeds such trouble in my breast 10
That scarce mine eyes will close ;
If I sleep it seems to be
Oft playing in the bed with me,
But, waked, away it goes.
'Tis some spirit sure, I ween,
And yet it may be felt and seen.

Would I had the heart and wit
 To make it stand and conjure it,
 That haunts me thus with fear.
 Doubtless 'tis some harmless sprite, 20
 For it by day as well as night
 Is ready to appear.
 Be it friend, or be it foe,
 Ere long I'll try what it will do.

XV

So many loves have I neglected
 Whose good parts might move me,
 That now I live of all rejected ;
 There is none will love me.
 Why is maiden heat so coy ?
 It freezeth when it burneth,
 Loseth what it might enjoy,
 And, having lost it, mourneth.

Should I then woo, that have been wooed,
 Seeking them that fly me ? 10
 When I my faith with tears have vowed,
 And when all deny me,
 Who will pity my disgrace,
 Which love might have prevented ?
 There is no submission base
 Where error is repented.

LIGHT CONCEITS OF LOVERS 79

O happy men, whose hopes are licensed
To discourse their passion,
While women are confined to silence,
Losing wished occasion ! 20
Yet our tongues than theirs, men say,
Are apter to be moving :
Women are more dumb than they,
But in their thoughts more moving.

When I compare my former strangeness
With my present doting,
I pity men that speak in plainness
Their true heart's devoting ;
While we (with repentance) jest
At their submissive passion. 30
Maids, I see, are never blest
That strange be but for fashion.

XVI

THOUGH your strangeness frets my heart,
Yet may not I complain :
You persuade me, 'tis but art,
That secret love must feign.
If another you affect,
'Tis but a show, t'avoid suspect.
Is this fair excusing? O, no ! all is abusing !

Your wished sight if I desire,
Suspicious you pretend :
Causeless you yourself retire, 10
While I in vain attend.

This a lover whets, you say,
 Still made more eager by delay.
 Is this fair excusing? O, no! all is abusing!

When another holds your hand,
 You swear I hold your heart :
 When my rivals close do stand,
 And I sit far apart,
 I am nearer yet than they,
 Hid in your bosom, as you say. 20
 Is this fair excusing? O, no! all is abusing!

Would my rival then I were,
 Or else your secret friend :
 So much lesser should I fear,
 And not so much attend.
 They enjoy you, every one,
 Yet I must seem your friend alone.
 Is this fair excusing? O, no! all is abusing!

XVII

COME away, armed with love's delights !
 Thy spritful graces bring with thee !
 When love and longing fights,
 They must the sticklers be.
 Come quickly, come ! the promised hour is well-nigh
 spent,
 And pleasure being too much deferred, loseth her best
 content.

l. 23. *Or.* Old ed. "Some."

LIGHT CONCEITS OF LOVERS 81

Is she come ? O, how near is she !
How far yet from this friendly place !
How many steps from me !
When shall I her embrace ? 10
These arms I'll spread, which only at her sight shall
close,
Attending as the starry flower that the sun's noontide
knows.

XVIII

COME, you pretty false-eyed wanton,
Leave your crafty smiling !
Think you to escape me now
With slipp'ry words beguiling !
No ; you mocked me th'other day ;
When you got loose, you fled away ;
But, since I have caught you now,
I'll clip your wings for flying :
Smoth'ring kisses fast I'll heap,
And keep you so from crying. 10

Sooner may you count the stars,
And number hail down pouring,
Tell the osiers of the Thames,
Or Goodwin sands devouring,
Than the thick-showered kisses here
Which now thy tired lips must bear.
Such a harvest never was,
So rich and full of pleasure,
But 'tis spent as soon as reaped,
So trustless is love's treasure. 20

82 *LIGHT CONCEITS OF LOVERS*

Would it were dumb midnight now,
 When all the world lies sleeping !
 Would this place some desert were,
 Which no man hath in keeping !
 My desires should then be safe,
 And when you cried then would I laugh :
 But if aught might breed offence,
 Love only should be blamed :
 I would live your servant still,
 And you my saint unnamed. 30

XIX

A SECRET love or two I must confess
 I kindly welcome for change in close playing,
 Yet my dear husband I love ne'ertheless,
 His desires, whole or half, quickly allaying,
 At all times ready to offer redress :
 His own he never wants but hath it duly,
 Yet twits me I keep not touch with him truly.

The more a spring is drawn the more it flows,
 No lamp less light retains by light'ning others :
 Is he a loser his loss that ne'er knows ? 10
 Or is he wealthy that waste treasure smothers ?
 My churl vows no man shall scent his sweet rose :
 His own enough and more I give him duly,
 Yet still he twits me I keep not touch truly.

LIGHT CONCEITS OF LOVERS 83

Wise archers bear more than one shaft to field,
The venturer loads not with one ware his shipping ;
Should warriors learn but one weapon to wield,
Or thrive fair plants e'er the worse for the slipping?
One dish cloy, many fresh appetite yield.
Mine own I'll use, and his he shall have duly : 20
Judge then what debtor can keep touch more truly.

XX

HER rosy cheeks, her ever-smiling eyes,
Are spheres and beds where Love in triumph lies :
Her rubine lips, when they their pearl unlock,
Make them seem as they did rise
All out of one smooth coral rock.
O that of other creatures' store I knew
More worthy and more rare !
For these are old, and she so new,
That her to them none should compare.

O could she love ! would she but hear a friend ! 10
Or that she only knew what sighs pretend !
Her looks inflame, yet cold as ice is she.
Do or speak, all's to one end,
For what she is that will she be.
Yet will I never cease her praise to sing,
Though she gives no regard :
For they that grace a worthless thing
Are only greedy of reward.

XXI

WHERE shall I refuge seek, if thou refuse me ?
 In you my hope, in you my fortune lies,
 In you my life ! though you unjust accuse me,
 My service scorn, and merit underprize :
 O bitter grief ! that exile is become
 Reward for faith, and pity deaf and dumb !

Why should my firmness find a seat so wav'ring ?
 My simple vows, my love you entertained ;
 Without desert the same again disfav'ring ;
 Yet I my word and passion hold unstained. 10
 O wretched me ! that my chief joy should breed
 My only grief and kindness pity need !

FINIS

*The Third and Fourth Booke of Ayres : Composed
by Thomas Campian. So as they may be expressed by
one Voyce, with a Violl, Lute, or Orpharion. Lon-
don : Printed by Thomas Snodham. Cum Priuilegio.
n.d. [circ. 1617]. fol.*

A TABLE OF ALL THE SONGS CONTAINED IN THE TWO BOOKS FOLLOWING.

The Table of the First Book.

- | | |
|---------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 1. Oft have I sighed. | 16. If thou long'st so much. |
| 2. Now let her change. | 17. Shall I come, sweet |
| 3. Were my heart as. | love ? |
| 4. Maids are simple, some | 18. Thrice toss these |
| men say. | oaken. |
| 5. So tired are all my | 19. Be thou then my |
| thoughts. | Beauty. |
| 6. Why presumes thy | 20. Fire, fire, fire ! lo, |
| pride ? | here. |
| 7. Kind are her answers. | 21. O sweet delight. |
| 8. O grief, O spite ! | 22. Thus I resolve. |
| 9. O never to be moved. | 23. Come, O come, my |
| 10. Break now, my heart | life's. |
| and die. | 24. Could my heart more. |
| 11. If Love loves truth. | 25. Sleep, angry beauty. |
| 12. Now winter nights en- | 26. Silly boy, 'tis full moon |
| large. | yet. |
| 13. Awake, thou spring. | 27. Never love unless you |
| 14. What is it [all] that | can. |
| men possess ? | 28. So quick, so hot. |
| 15. Fire that must flame. | 29. Shall I then hope. |

The Table of the Second Book.

- | | |
|-----------------------------|------------------------------|
| 1. Leave prolonging. | 13. O Love, where are thy |
| 2. Respect my faith. | shafts ? |
| 3. Thou joy'st, fond boy. | 14. Beauty is but a painted |
| 4. Veil, love, mine eyes. | hell. |
| 5. Every dame affects | 15. Are you what you ? |
| good fame. | 16. Since she, even she. |
| 6. So sweet is thy dis- | 17. I must complain. |
| course. | 18. Think'st thou to |
| 7. There is a garden in | seduce. |
| her face. | 19. Her fair inflaming eyes. |
| 8. To his sweet lute. | 20. Turn all thy thoughts. |
| 9. Young and simple | 21. If any hath the heart |
| though I am. | to kill. |
| 10. Love me or not. | 22. Beauty, since you. |
| 11. What means this folly ? | 23. Your fair looks. |
| 12. Dear, if I with guile. | 24. Fain would I wed. |

TO MY HONOURABLE FRIEND, SIR
THOMAS MOUNSON, KNIGHT AND
BARONET.

SINCE now these clouds, that lately over-cast
Your fame and fortune, are dispersed at last :
And now since all to you fair greetings make :
Some out of love, and some for pity's sake :
Shall I but with a common style salute
Your new enlargement ? or stand only mute ?
I, to whose trust and care you durst commit
Your pined health, when art despaired of it ?
I, that in your affliction often viewed
In you the fruits of manly fortitude, 10
Patience, and even constancy of mind
That rock-like stood, and scorned both wave and
wind ?
Should I, for all your ancient love to me,
Endowed with weighty favours, silent be ?
Your merits and my gratitude forbid
That either should in Lethæan gulf lie hid ;
But how shall I this work of fame express ?
How can I better, after pensiveness,
Than with light strains of Music, made to move
Sweetly with the wide-spreading plumes of Love ? 20
These youth-born Airs, then, prisoned in this book,
Which in your bowers much of their being took,
Accept as a kind offering from that hand
Which, joined with heart, your virtue may command !

Who love a sure friend, as all good men do,
Since such you are, let those affect you too.
And may the joys of that Crown never end,
That innocence doth pity and defend.

Yours devoted,
THOMAS CAMPIAN.

I

OFT have I sighed for him that hears me not ;
Who absent hath both love and me forgot.
O yet I languish still through his delay :
Days seem as years when wished friends break their
day.

Had he but loved as common lovers use,
His faithless stay some kindness would excuse :
O yet I languish still, still constant mourn
For him that can break vows but not return.

II

Now let her change and spare not !
Since she proves strange I care not :
Feigned love charmed so my delight
That still I doted on her sight.
But she is gone, new joys embracing
And my desires disgracing.

When did I err in blindness,
Or vex her with unkindness ?

If my cares served her alone,
 Why is she thus untimely gone? 10
 True love abides to th' hour of dying :
 False love is ever flying.

False ! then, farewell for ever !
 Once false proves faithful never :
 He that boasts now of thy love,
 Shall soon my present fortunes prove.
 Were he as fair as bright Adonis,
 Faith is not had, where none is.

III

WERE my heart as some men's are, thy errors would
 not move me ;
 But thy faults I curious find and speak because I love
 thee :
 Patience is a thing divine and far, I grant, above me.

Foes sometimes befriend us more, our blacker deeds
 objecting,
 Than th' obsequious bosom guest, with false respect
 affecting.
 Friendship is the Glass of Truth, our hidden stains
 detecting.

While I use of eyes enjoy and inward light of reason,
 Thy observer will I be and censor, but in season :
 Hidden mischief to conceal in State and Love is
 treason.

IV

"MAIDS are simple," some men say,
 "They, forsooth, will trust no men."
 But should they men's wills obey,
 Maids were very simple then.

Truth, a rare flower now is grown,
 Few men wear it in their hearts ;
 Lovers are more easily known
 By their follies than deserts.

Safer may we credit give
 To a faithless wandering Jew
 Than a young man's vows believe
 When he swears his love is true. 10

Love they make a poor blind child,
 But let none trust such as he :
 Rather than to be beguiled,
 Ever let me simple be.

V

So tired are all my thoughts, that sense and spirits
 fail :

Mourning I pine, and know not what I ail.

O what can yield ease to a mind

Joy in nothing that can find ?

How are my powers fore-spoke? What strange dis-
taste is this?

Hence, cruel hate of that which sweetest is!

Come, come delight! make my dull brain

Feel once heat of joy again.

The lover's tears are sweet, their mover makes them
so;

Proud of a wound the bleeding soldiers grow. 10

Poor I alone, dreaming, endure

Grief that knows nor cause nor cure.

And whence can all this grow? even from an idle
mind,

That no delight in any good can find.

Action alone makes the soul blest:

Virtue dies with too much rest.

VI

WHY presumes thy pride on that that must so private
be,

Scarce that it can good be called, though it seems
best to thee,

Best of all that Nature framed or curious eye can see?

'Tis thy beauty, foolish Maid, that like a blossom
grows;

Which who views no more enjoys than on a bush a
rose,

That, by many's handling, fades: and thou art one of
those.

If to one thou shalt prove true and all beside reject,
Then art thou but one man's good ; which yields a
poor effect :
For the commonest good by far deserves the best
respect.

But if for this goodness thou thyself wilt common
make, 10
Thou art then not good at all : so thou canst no way
take
But to prove the meanest good or else all good
forsake.

Be not then of beauty proud, but so her colours bear
That they prove not stains to her, that them for grace
should wear :
So shalt thou to all more fair than thou wert born
appear.

VII

KIND are her answers,
But her performance keeps no day ;
Breaks time, as dancers
From their own music when they stray.
All her free favours
And smooth words wing my hopes in vain.
O did ever voice so sweet but only feign ?
Can true love yield such delay,
Converting joy to pain ?

XI

If Love loves truth, then women do not love ;
 Their passions all are but dissembled shows ;
Now kind and free of favour if they prove,
 Their kindness straight a tempest overthrows.
Then as a seaman the poor lover fares ;
The storm drowns him ere he can drown his cares.

But why accuse I women that deceive ?
 Blame then the foxes for their subtle wile :
They first from Nature did their craft receive :
 It is a woman's nature to beguile. 10
Yet some, I grant, in loving steadfast grow ;
But such by use are made, not Nature, so.

O why had Nature power at once to frame
 Deceit and Beauty, traitors both to Love ?
O would Deceit had died when Beauty came
 With her divineness every heart to move !
Yet do we rather wish, whate'er befall,
To have fair women false than none at all.

XII

Now winter nights enlarge
The number of their hours ;
And clouds their storms discharge
Upon the airy towers.

Let now the chimneys blaze
 And cups o'erflow with wine,
 Let well-tuned words amaze
 With harmony divine !
 Now yellow waxen lights
 Shall wait on honey love 10
 While youthful revels, masques, and Courtly sights,
 Sleep's leaden spells remove.

 This time doth well dispense
 With lovers' long discourse ;
 Much speech hath some defence,
 Though beauty no remorse.
 All do not all things well ;
 Some measures comely tread,
 Some knotted riddles tell,
 Some poems smoothly read. 20
 The summer hath his joys,
 And winter his delights ;
 Though love and all his pleasures are but toys,
 They shorten tedious nights.

XIII

AWAKE, thou spring of speaking grace ! mute rest
 becomes not thee !
 The fairest women, while they sleep, and pictures,
 equal be.

 O come and dwell in love's discourses !
 Old renewing, new creating.
 The words which thy rich tongue discourses,
 Are not of the common rating !

Thy voice is as an Echo clear which Music doth beget,
Thy speech is as an Oracle which none can counterfeit :
For thou alone, without offending,
Hast obtained power of enchanting ; 10
And I could hear thee without ending,
Other comfort never wanting.

Some little reason brutish lives with human glory share ;
But language is our proper grace, from which they
severed are.

As brutes in reason man surpasses,
Men in speech excel each other :
If speech be then the best of graces,
Do it not in slumber smother !

XIV

WHAT is it all that men possess, among themselves
conversing ?

Wealth or fame, or some such boast, scarce worthy
the rehearsing.

Women only are men's good, with them in love con-
versing.

If weary, they prepare us rest ; if sick, their hand
attends us ;

When with grief our hearts are prest, their comfort best
befriends us :

Sweet or sour, they willing go to share what fortune
sends us.

What pretty babes with pain they bear, our name and
form presenting !
What we get, how wise they keep ! by sparing, wants
preventing ;
Sorting all their household cares to our observed con-
tenting.

All this, of whose large use I sing, in two words is
expressed : 10
Good Wife is the good I praise, if by good men
possessed ;
Bad with bad in ill suit well ; but good with good live
blessed.

XV

FIRE that must flame is with apt fuel fed,
Flowers that will thrive in sunny soil are bred.
How can a heart feel heat that no hope finds?
Or can he love on whom no comfort shines?

Fair ! I confess there's pleasure in your sight !
Sweet ! you have power, I grant, of all delight !
But what is all to me, if I have none ?
Churl, that you are, t'enjoy such wealth alone !

Prayers move the heavens but find no grace with you ;
Yet in your looks a heavenly form I view, 10
Then will I pray again, hoping to find,
As well as in your looks heaven in your mind !

Saint of my heart, Queen of my life and love,
O let my vows thy loving spirit move !
Let me no longer mourn through thy disdain ;
But with one touch of grace cure all my pain.

XVI

If thou long'st so much to learn, sweet boy, what
'tis to love,
Do but fix thy thought on me and thou shalt quickly
prove.

Little suit, at first, shall win
Way to thy abashed desire,
But then will I hedge thee in
Salamander-like with fire !

With thee dance I will, and sing, and thy fond
dalliance bear ;

We the grovy hills will climb, and play the wantons
there ;

Other whiles we'll gather flowers,
Lying dallying on the grass ! 10
And thus our delightful hours
Full of waking dreams shall pass !

When thy joys were thus at height, my love should
turn from thee ;

Old acquaintance then should grow as strange as
strange might be ;

Twenty rivals thou shouldst find,
Breaking all their hearts for me,
While to all I'll prove more kind
And more forward than to thee.

Thus, thy silly youth, enraged, would soon my love
defy ;

But, alas, poor soul too late! clipt wings can never
fly. 20

Those sweet hours which we had past,
Called to mind, thy heart would burn ;
And couldst thou fly ne'er so fast,
They would make thee straight return.

XVII

SHALL I come, sweet love, to thee,
When the evening beams are set ?

Shall I not excluded be ?
Will you find no feigned let ?

Let me not, for pity, more,
Tell the long hours at your door !

Who can tell what thief or foe,
In the covert of the night,
For his prey will work my woe,
Or through wicked foul despite ? 10
So may I die unredrest,
Ere my long love be possess.

But to let such dangers pass,
Which a lover's thoughts disdain,
'Tis enough in such a place
To attend love's joys in vain.
Do not mock me in thy bed,
While these cold nights freeze me dead.

XVIII

THRICE toss these oaken ashes in the air,
Thrice sit thou mute in this enchanted chair ;
And thrice three times, tie up this true love's knot !
And murmur soft " She will, or she will not."

Go burn these poisonous weeds in yon blue fire,
These screech-owl's feathers and this prickling briar ;
This cypress gathered at a dead man's grave ;
That all thy fears and cares, an end may have.

Then come, you Fairies, dance with me a round !
Melt her hard heart with your melodious sound ! 10
In vain are all the charms I can devise :
She hath an art to break them with her eyes.

XIX

BE thou then my Beauty named,
Since thy will is to be mine !
For by that I am enflamed,
Which on all alike doth shine.
Others may the light admire,
I only truly feel the fire.

But if lofty titles move thee,
Challenge then a Sovereign's place !
Say I honour when I love thee ;
Let me call thy kindness Grace. 10
State and Love things diverse be,
Yet will we teach them to agree !

Or if this be not sufficing ;
Be thou styled my Goddess then :
I will love thee, sacrificing ;
In thine honour, hymns I'll pen.
To be thine what canst thou more ?
I'll love thee, serve thee, and adore.

XX

FIRE, fire, fire, fire !
Lo here I burn in such desire
That all the tears that I can strain
Out of mine idle empty brain
Cannot allay my scorching pain.
Come Trent, and Humber, and fair Thames !
Dread Ocean, haste with all thy streams !
And if you cannot quench my fire,
O drown both me and my desire !

Fire, fire, fire, fire !
There is no hell to my desire.
See, all the rivers backward fly !
And th' Ocean doth his waves deny,
For fear my heat should drink them dry !
Come, heavenly showers, then, pouring down !
Come you, that once the world did drown !
Some then you spared, but now save all,
That else must burn, and with me fall !

XXI

O SWEET delight, O more than human bliss,
 With her to live that ever loving is ;
 To hear her speak, whose words are so well placed,
 That she by them, as they in her are graced :
 Those looks to view, that feast the viewer's eye,
 How blest is he that may so live and die !

Sach love as this the golden times did know,
 When all did reap, yet none took care to sow ;
 Sach love as this an endless summer makes,
 And all distaste from frail affection takes. 10
 So loved, so blessed, in my beloved am I ;
 Which till their eyes ache, let iron men envy !

XXII

4 THUS I resolve, and time hath taught me so,
 Since she is fair and ever kind to me,
 Though she be wild and wanton-like in show,
 Those little stains in youth I will not see.
 That she be constant, heaven I oft implore :
 If prayers prevail not, I can do no more.

Palm tree the more you press, the more it grows ;
 Leave it alone it will not much exceed.
 Free beauty if you strive to yoke, you lose :
 And for affection, strange distaste you breed. 10
 What Nature hath not taught, no Art can frame :
 Wild born be wild still, though by force you tame.

XXIII

COME, O come, my life's delight,
Let me not in languor pine !
Love loves no delay ; thy sight,
The more enjoyed, the more divine :
O come, and take from me
The pain of being deprived of thee !

Thou all sweetness dost enclose,
Like a little world of bliss.
Beauty guards thy looks : the rose
In them pure and eternal is. 10
Come, then, and make thy flight
As swift to me, as heavenly light.

XXIV

COULD my heart more tongues employ
Than it harbours thoughts of grief ;
It is now so far from joy,
That it scarce could ask relief.
Truest hearts by deeds unkind
To despair are most inclined.

Happy minds, that can redeem
Their engagements how they please !
That no joys or hopes esteem
Half so precious as their ease ! 10
Wisdom should prepare men so
As if they did all foreknow.

Yet no art or caution can
Grown affections easily change ;
Use is such a Lord of man
That he brooks worst what is strange.
Better never to be blest
Than to lose all at the best.

XXV

SLEEP, angry beauty, sleep, and fear not me.
For who a sleeping lion dares provoke ?
It shall suffice me here to sit and see
Those lips shut up, that never kindly spoke.
What sight can more content a lover's mind
Than beauty seeming harmless, if not kind ?

My words have charmed her, for secure she sleeps ;
Though guilty much of wrong done to my love ;
And in her slumber, see ! she, close-eyed, weeps !
Dreams often more than waking passions move. 10
Plead, Sleep, my cause, and make her soft like thee,
That she in peace may wake and pity me.

XXVI

SILLY boy, 'tis full moon yet, thy night as day shines
clearly ;
Had thy youth but wit to fear, thou couldst not love
so dearly.
Shortly wilt thou mourn when all thy pleasures are
bereaved ;
Little knows he how to love that never was deceived.

This is thy first maiden flame, that triumphs yet
 unstained ;
 All is artless now you speak, not one word, yet, is
 feigned ;
 All is heaven that you behold, and all your thoughts
 are blessed ;
 But no spring can want his fall, each Troilus hath his
 Cressid.
 Thy well-ordered locks ere long shall rudely hang
 neglected ;
 And thy lively pleasant cheer read grief on earth
 dejected. 10
 Much then wilt thou blame thy Saint, that made thy
 heart so holy,
 And with sighs confess, in love that too much faith is
 folly.
 Yet be just and constant still ! Love may beget a
 wonder,
 Not unlike a summer's frost, or winter's fatal thunder.
 He that holds his sweetheart true, unto his day of
 dying,
 Lives, of all that ever breathed, most worthy the
 envying.

XXVII

NEVER love unless you can
 Bear with all the faults of man :
 Men sometimes will jealous be,
 Though but little cause they see ;
 And hang the head, as discontent,
 And speak what straight they will repent.

Men that but one saint adore,
 Make a show of love to more :
 Beauty must be scorned in none,
 Though but truly served in one : 10
 For what is courtship, but disguise ?
 True hearts may have dissembling eyes.

Men when their affairs require,
 Must a while themselves retire :
 Sometimes hunt, and sometimes hawk,
 And not ever sit and talk.
 If these and such like you can bear,
 Then like, and love, and never fear !

XXVIII

So quick, so hot, so mad is thy fond suit,
 So rude, so tedious grown, in urging me,
 That fain I would, with loss, make thy tongue mute,
 And yield some little grace to quiet thee :
 An hour with thee I care not to converse,
 For I would not be counted too perverse.

But roofs too hot would prove for me all fire ;
 And hills too high for my unused pace ;
 The grove is charged with thorns and the bold briar ;
 Grey snakes the meadows shroud in every place : 10
 A yellow frog, alas, will fright me so,
 As I should start and tremble as I go.

xxviii. l. 7. *me.* Old ed. "men."

Since then I can on earth no fit room find,
In heaven I am resolved with you to meet :
Till then, for hope's sweet sake, rest your tired mind
And not so much as see me in the street :
A heavenly meeting one day we shall have,
But never, as you dream, in bed, or grave.

XXIX

SHALL I then hope when faith is fled ?
Can I seek love when hope is gone ?
Or can I live when love is dead ?
Poorly he lives, that can love none.
Her vows are broke and I am free ;
She lost her faith in losing me.

When I compare mine own events,
When I weigh others' like annoy :
All do but heap up discontents
That on a beauty build their joy. 10
Thus I of all complain, since she
All faith hath lost in losing me.

So my dear freedom have I gained,
Though her unkindness and disgrace :
Yet could I ever live enchained,
As she my service did embrace.
But she is changed, and I am free :
Faith failing her, love died in me.

FOURTH BOOK OF AIRS.

TO MY WORTHY FRIEND MASTER JOHN
MOUNSON, SON AND HEIR TO SIR
THOMAS MOUNSON, KNIGHT
AND BARONET.

ON you th' affections of your father's friends,
With his inheritance, by right descends :
But you your graceful youth so wisely guide
That his you hold, and purchase much beside.
Love is the fruit of Virtue ; for whose sake
Men only liking each to other take.
If sparks of virtue shined not in you then
So well, how could you win the hearts of men ?
And since that honour and well-suited praise
Is Virtue's golden spur, let me now raise
Unto an act mature your tender age ;
This half commending to your patronage,
Which from your noble father's, but one side,
Ordained to do you honour, doth divide.
And so my love betwixt you both I part,
On each side placing you as near my heart !

Yours ever,

THOMAS CAMPIAN.

TO THE READER.

THE Apothecaries have Books of Gold, whose leaves, being opened, are so light as that they are subject to be shaken with the least breath ; yet rightly handled, they serve both for ornament and use. Such are light Airs.

But if any squeamish stomachs shall check at two or three vain ditties in the end of this book, let them pour off the clearest and leave those as dregs in the bottom. Howsoever, if they be but conferred with the Canterbury Tales of that venerable poet Chaucer, they will then appear toothsome enough.

Some words are in these Books, which have been clothed in music by others, and I am content they then served their turn : yet give me now leave to make use of mine own. Likewise you may find here some three or four Songs that have been published before : but for them, I refer you to the Player's bill, that is styled, Newly revived, with Additions ; for you shall find all of them reformed, either in words or notes.

To be brief. All these Songs are mine, if you express them well ; otherwise they are your own. Farewell.

Yours, as you are his,

THOMAS CAMPIAN.

I

LEAVE prolonging thy distress !
All delays afflict the dying.
Many lost sighs long I spent, to her for mercy
crying ;
But now, vain mourning, cease !
I'll die, and mine own griefs release.

Thus departing from this light
To those shades that end in sorrow,
Yet a small time of complaint a little breath I'll
borrow,
To tell my once delight
I die alone through her despite. 10

II

RESPECT my faith, regard my service past ;
The hope you winged call home to you at last.
Great price it is that I in you shall gain,
So great for you hath been my loss and pain.
My wits I spent and time for you alone,
Observing you and losing all for one.

Some raised to rich estates in this time are,
That held their hopes to mine, inferior far :
Such, scoffing me, or pitying me, say thus,
" Had he not loved, he might have lived like us." 10
O then, dear sweet, for love and pity's sake
My faith reward and from me scandal take.

III

THOU joy'st, fond boy, to be by many loved,
To have thy beauty of most dames approved ;
For this dost thou thy native worth disguise
And playest the sycophant t' observe their eyes ;
Thy glass thou counsell'est more to adorn thy skin,
That first should school thee to be fair within.

'Tis childish to be caught with pearl or amber,
And woman-like too much to cloy the chamber ;
Youths should the fields affect, heat their rough steeds,
Their hardened nerves to fit for better deeds. 10
Is 't not more joy strongholds to force with swords
Than women's weakness take with looks or words ?

Men that do noble things all purchase glory :
One man for one brave act hath proved a story :
But if that one ten thousand dames o'ercame,
Who would record it, if not to his shame ?
'Tis far more conquest with one to live true
Than every hour to triumph lord of new.

IV

VEIL, Love, mine eyes ! O hide from me
The plagues that charge the curious mind !
If beauty private will not be,
Suffice it yet that she proves kind.
Who can usurp heaven's light alone ?
Stars were not made to shine on one !

Griefs past recure, fools try to heal,
That greater harms on less inflict,
The pure offend by too much zeal ;
Affection should not be too strict. 10
He that a true embrace will find,
To beauty's faults must still be blind.

v

EVERY dame affects good fame, whate'er her doings
be,
But true praise is Virtue's bays which none may wear
but she.
Borrowed guise fits not the wise, a simple look is
best ;
Native grace becomes a face, though ne'er so rudely
drest.
Now such new found toys are sold, these women to
disguise,
That before the year grows old the newest fashion
dies.

Dames of yore contended more in goodness to exceed
Than in pride to be envied, for that which least they
need.
Little lawn then serve[d] the Pawn, if Pawn at all
there were ;
Homespun thread, and household bread, then held
out all the year. 10

But th' attires of women now wear out both house
and land ;
That the wives in silks may flow, at ebb the good
men stand.

Once again, Astrea, then, from heaven to earth
descend,
And vouchsafe in their behalf these errors to amend !
Aid from heaven must make all even, things are so
out of frame ;
For let man strive all he can, he needs must please
his dame.

Happy man, content that gives and what he gives,
enjoys !

Happy dame, content that lives and breaks no sleep
for toys !

VI

So sweet is thy discourse to me,
And so delightful is thy sight,
As I taste nothing right but thee.
O why invented Nature light ?
Was it alone for beauty's sake,
That her graced words might better take ?

No more can I old joys recall :
They now to me become unknown,
Not seeming to have been at all.
Alas ! how soon is this love grown 10
To such a spreading height in me
As with it all must shadowed be ?

VII

THERE is a garden in her face,
Where roses and white lilies grow ;
A heavenly paradise is that place,
Wherein all pleasant fruits do flow.
There cherries grow, which none may buy
Till "Cherry ripe" themselves do cry.

Those cherries fairly do enclose
Of orient pearl a double row ;
Which when her lovely laughter shows,
They look like rosebuds filled with snow. 10
Yet them nor peer nor prince can buy
Till "Cherry ripe" themselves do cry.

Her eyes like angels watch them still ;
Her brows like bended bows do stand,
Threatening with piercing frowns to kill
All that attempt, with eye or hand,
Those sacred cherries to come nigh
Till "Cherry ripe" themselves do cry.

VIII

To his sweet lute Apollo sung the motions of the
spheres ;
The wondrous order of the stars, whose course divides
the years ;
And all the mysteries above :
But none of this could Midas move,
Which purchased him his ass's ears.

Then Pan with his rude pipe began the country wealth
 t' advance,
 To boast of cattle, flocks of sheep, and goats on hills
 that dance ;
 With much more of this churlish kind,
 That quite transported Midas' mind,
 And held him rapt as in a trance. 10

This wrong the God of Music scorned from such a
 sottish judge,
 And bent his angry bow at Pan, which made the
 piper trudge :
 Then Midas' head he so did trim
 That every age yet talks of him
 And Phœbus' right-revenged grudge.

IX

YOUNG and simple though I am,
 I have heard of Cupid's name :
 Guess I can what thing it is
 Men desire when they do kiss.
 Smoke can never burn, they say,
 But the flames that follow may.

I am not so foul or fair
 To be proud nor to despair ;

Yet my lips have oft observed :
Men that kiss them press them hard, 10
As glad lovers use to do
When their new-met loves they woo.

Faith, 'tis but a foolish mind !
Yet, methinks, a heat I find,
Like thirst-longing, that doth bide
Ever on my weaker side,
Where they say my heart doth move.
Venus, grant it be not love !

If it be, alas, what then !
Were not women made for men ? 20
As good 'twere a thing were past,
That must needs be done at last.
Roses that are overblown,
Grow less sweet ; then fall alone.

Yet not churl, nor silken gull,
Shall my maiden blossom pull ;
Who shall not I soon can tell ;
Who shall, would I could as well !
This I know, whoe'er he be,
Love he must or flatter me. 30

1. 9. *Yet my lips . . . new-met loves they woo.* This is the reading given in Ferrabosco's *Airs*, 1609. In Campion's Song-book we have a repetition of "Guess I can . . . follow may" from the first stanza.

X

LOVE me or not, love her I must or die ;
Leave me or not, follow her, needs must I.
O that her grace would my wished comforts give !
How rich in her, how happy should I live !
All my desire, all my delight should be,
Her to enjoy, her to unite to me :
Envy should cease, her would I love alone :
Who loves by looks, is seldom true to one.
Could I enchant, and that it lawful were,
Her would I charm softly that none should hear. 10
But love enforced rarely yields firm content ;
So would I love that neither should repent.

XI

WHAT means this folly, now to brave it so,
And then to use submission ?
Is that a friend that straight can play the foe ?
Who loves on such condition ?
Though briars breed roses, none the briar affect ;
But with the flower are pleased.
Love only loves delight and soft respect :
He must not be diseased.
These thorny passions spring from barren breasts,
Or such as need much weeding. 10
Love only loves delight and soft respect ;
But sends them not home bleeding.

xi. l. 11. *Love . . . respect.* This line has been repeated,
by an error of the copyist or printer, from the previous stanza.

Command thy humour, strive to give content,
And shame not love's profession.
Of kindness never any could repent
That made choice with discretion.

XII

DEAR, if I with guile would gild a true intent,
Heaping flatt'ries that in heart were never meant :
Easily could I then obtain
What now in vain I force ;
Falsehood much doth gain,
Truth yet holds the better course.

Love forbid that through dissembling I should thrive,
Or in praising you myself of truth deprive !
Let not your high thoughts debase
A simple truth in me : 10
Great is Beauty's grace,
Truth is yet as fair as she !

Praise is but the wind of pride, if it exceeds ;
Wealth, prized in itself, no outward value needs.
Fair you are, and passing fair ;
You know it, and 'tis true :
Yet let none despair
But to find as fair as you.

XIII

O LOVE, where are thy shafts, thy quiver, and thy
bow?

Shall my wounds only weep, and he ungaged go?
Be just, and strike him, too, that dares condemn thee
so!

No eyes are like to thine, though men suppose thee
blind;
So fair they level when the mark they list to find:
Then, strike, O strike the heart that bears the cruel
mind!

Is my fond sight deceived? or do I Cupid spy,
Close aiming at his breast by whom, despised, I die?
Shoot home, sweet Love, and wound him, that he
may not fly!

O then we both will sit in some unhaunted shade, 10
And heal each other's wound which Love hath justly
made:
O hope, O thought too vain! how quickly dost thou
fade!

At large he wanders still: his heart is free from pain;
While secret sighs I spend, and tears, but all in vain.
Yet, Love, thou knowest, by right, I should not thus
complain.

XIV

BEAUTY is but a painted hell :
Ay me, ay me !
She wounds them that admire it,
She kills them that desire it.
Give her pride but fuel,
No fire is more cruel.

Pity from every heart is fled :
Ay me, ay me !
Since false desire could borrow
Tears of dissembled sorrow, 10
Constant vows turn truthless,
Love cruel, Beauty ruthless.

Sorrow can laugh, and Fury sing :
Ay me, ay me !
My raving griefs discover
I lived too true a lover.
The first step to madness
Is the excess of sadness.

XV

ARE you, what your fair looks express ?
O then be kind !
From law of nature they digress
Whose form suits not their mind :
Fairness seen in th' outward shape,
Is but th' inward beauty's ape.

FOURTH BOOK OF AIRS 123

Eyes that of earth are mortal made,
 What can they view ?
All's but a colour or a shade,
 And neither always true : 10
Reason's sight, that is etern,
E'en the substance can discern.

Soul is the Man : for who will so
 The body name ?
And to that power all grace we owe
 That decks our living frame.
What, or how had housen bin,
But for them that dwell therein ?

Love in the bosom is begot,
 Not in the eyes ; 20
No beauty makes the eye more hot,
 Her flames the sprite surprise :
Let our loving minds then meet,
For pure meetings are most sweet.

XVI

SINCE she, even she, for whom I lived,
 Sweet she by fate from me is torn,
Why am not I of sense deprived,
 Forgetting I was ever born ?
Why should I languish, hating light ?
Better to sleep an endless night.

Be it either true, or aptly feigned,
 That some of Lethe's water write,
 'Tis their best medicine that are pained
 All thought to lose of past delight. 10
 O would my anguish vanish so !
 Happy are they that neither know.

XVII

I MUST complain, yet do enjoy my love ;
 She is too fair, too rich in lovely parts :
 Thence is my grief, for Nature, while she strove
 With all her graces and divinest arts
 To form her too too beautiful of hue,
 She had no leisure left to make her true.

Should I, aggrieved, then wish she were less fair ?
 That were repugnant to mine own desires.
 She is admired, new lovers still repair,
 That kindles daily love's forgetful fires. 10
 Rest, jealous thoughts, and thus resolve at last,—
 She hath more beauty than becomes the chaste.

XVIII

THINK'ST thou to seduce me then with words that
 have no meaning ?
 Parrots so can learn to prate, our speech by pieces
 gleaning :
 Nurses teach their children so about the time of
 weaning.

Learn to speak first, then to woo : to wooing, much
 pertaineth :
 He that courts us, wanting art, soon falters when he
 feigneth,
 Looks asquint on his discourse, and smiles, when he
 complaineth.

Skilful anglers hide their hooks, fit baits for every
 season ;
 But with crooked pins fish thou, as babes do, that
 want reason :
 Gudgeons only can be caught with such poor tricks of
 treason.

Ruth forgive me, if I erred, from human hearts com-
 passion, 10
 When I laughed sometimes too much to see thy foolish
 fashion :
 But, alas, who less could do that found so good occa-
 sion !

XIX

HER fair inflaming eyes,
 Chief authors of my cares,
 I prayed in humblest wise
 With grace to view my tears :
 They beheld me broad awake,
 But, alas, no ruth would take.

Her lips with kisses rich,
 And words of fair delight,

I fairly did beseech,
To pity my sad plight : 10
But a voice from them brake forth,
As a whirlwind from the north.

Then to her hands I fled,
That can give heart and all ;
To them I long did plead,
And loud for pity call :
But, alas, they put me off,
With a touch worse than a scoff.

So back I straight returned,
And at her breast I knocked : 20
Where long in vain I mourned,
Her heart, so fast was locked :
Not a word could passage find,
For a rock enclosed her mind.

Then down my prayers made way
To those most comely parts,
That make her fly or stay,
As they affect deserts :
But her angry feet, thus moved,
Fled with all the parts I loved. 30

Yet fled they not so fast,
As her enraged mind :
Still did I after haste,
Still was I left behind ;
Till I found 'twas to no end
With a Spirit to contend.

XX

TURN all thy thoughts to eyes,
Turn all thy hairs to ears,
Change all thy friends to spies,
And all thy joys to fears :
 True love will yet be free,
 In spite of jealousy.

Turn darkness into day,
Conjectures into truth,
Believe what th' envious say,
Let age interpret youth :
 True love will yet be free,
 In spite of jealousy.

10

Wrest every word and look,
Rack every hidden thought,
Or fish with golden hook ;
True love cannot be caught.
 For that will still be free,
 In spite of jealousy !

XXI

IF any hath the heart to kill,
 Come rid me of this woeful pain !
For while I live I suffer still
 This cruel torment all in vain :
Yet none alive but one can guess
What is the cause of my distress.

Thanks be to heaven, no grievous smart,
 No maladies my limbs annoy ;
 I bear a lim'd and sprightly heart,
 Yet live I quite deprived of joy : 10
 Since what I had in vain I crave,
 And what I had not now I have.

A love I had, so fair, so sweet,
 As ever wanton eye did see :
 Once by appointment we did meet :
 She would, but ah, it would not be !
 She gave her heart, her hand she gave ;
 All that I gave, she nought could have.

What hag did then my powers forespeak,
 That never yet such taint did feel ! 20
 Now she rejects me as one weak,
 Yet am I all composed of steel.
 Ah, this is it my heart doth grieve :
 Now though she sees, she'll not believe.

XXI

BEAUTY, since you so much desire
 To know the place of Cupid's fire,
 About you somewhere doth it rest,
 Yet never harbour'd in your breast,
 Nor gout-like in your heel or toe,—
 What fool would seek Love's flame so low ?
 But a little higher, but a little higher,
 There, there, O there lies Cupid's fire.



FOURTH BOOK OF AIRS 129

Think not, when Cupid most you scorn,
• Men judge that you of ice were born ; 10
For though you cast love at your heel,
His fury yet sometimes you feel :
And whereabouts if you would know,
I tell you still not in your toe :
But a little higher, but a little higher,
There, there, O there lies Cupid's fire.

XXIII

YOUR fair looks urge my desire :
Calm it, sweet, with love !
Stay ; O why will you retire ?
Can you churlish prove ?
If love may persuade,
Love's pleasures, dear, deny not :
Here is a grove secured with shade :
O then be wise, and fly not.
Hark, the birds delighted sing,
Yet our pleasure sleeps : 10
Wealth to none can profit bring,
Which the miser keeps.
O come, while we may,
Let's chain love with embraces ;
We have not all times time to stay,
Nor safety in all places.
What ill find you now in this,
Or who can complain ?
There is nothing done amiss
That breeds no man pain 20

'Tis now flow'ry May ;
But even in cold December,
When all these leaves are blown away,
This place shall I remember.

XXIV

FAIN would I wed a fair young man that day and
night could please me,
When my mind or body grieved that had the power to
ease me.
Maids are full of longing thoughts that breed a blood-
less sickness,
And that, oft I hear men say, is only cured by quick-
ness.
Oft I have been wooed and prayed, but never could be
moved ;
Many for a day or so I have most dearly loved,
But this foolish mind of mine straight loathes the thing
resolved ;
If to love be sin in me that sin is soon absolved.
Sure I think I shall at last fly to some holy order ;
When I once am settled there then can I fly no
farther. 10
Yet I would not die a maid, because I had a mother :
As I was by one brought forth I would bring forth
another.

*Songs of Mourning: Bewailing the vntimely death
of Prince Henry. Worded by Tho. Campion. And
set forth to be sung with one voyce to the Lute, or
Viol: by John Coprario. London: Printed for John
Browne, and are to be sould in S. dunstons Church-
yard. 1613. fol.*

Prince Henry died 6 November, 1612, at the age of eighteen. His death was a national calamity, for he was a youth of high character and brilliant ability. By his patronage of letters he had endeared himself to the poets; and many were the elegies dedicated to his memory. Drayton, Chapman, Webster, Donne, Drummond and others passionately bewailed his loss. Campion's tribute was worthy of the occasion.

John Coprario, or Coperario, was an English composer. His real name was John Cooper; but he adopted the more sonorous name during his residence in Italy. There is an excellent account of him, by Mr. Barclay Squire, in the "Dictionary of National Biography."

*ILLUSTRISSIMO POTENTISSIMOQUE
PRINCIPI, FREDRICO QUINTO, RHENI
COMITI PALATINO, DUCI
BAVARIAE, ETC.*

*COGIMUR ; invitis (Clarissime) parce querelis
Te salvo ; laetis non sinit esse Deus :
Nec speratus Hymen procedit lumine claro ;
Principis extincti nubila fata vetant.
Illius inferias maesto jam Musica cantu
Prosequitur, miseros hæc Dea sola juvat.
Illa suos tibi summittit (Dux inclite) quaestus,
Fraternus fletu quem sociavit amor :
Sed nova gaudia, sed tam dulcia foedera rupit
Fati infelicis livor, et hora nocens.
Quod superest, nimios nobis omni arte dolores
Est mollire animus, spes meliora dabit :
Cunctatosque olim cantabimus ipsi Hymenaeos,
Laeta simul fas sit reddere vota Deo.*

10

l. 1. querelis. Old ed. "quærelis."

AN ELEGY UPON THE UNTIMELY
DEATH OF PRINCE HENRY.

READ, you that have some tears left yet unspent,
 Now weep yourselves heart-sick, and ne'er repent :
 For I will open to your free access
 The sanctuary of all heaviness,
 Where men their fill may mourn, and never sin :
 And I their humble Priest thus first begin.
 Fly from the skies, ye blessed beams of light !
 Rise up in horrid vapours, ugly night,
 And fettered bring that ravenous monster Fate,
 The felon and the traitor to our state ! 10
 Law-eloquence we need not to convince
 His guilt ; all know it, 'tis he stole our Prince,
 The Prince of men, the Prince of all that bore
 Ever that princely name : O now no more
 Shall his perfections, like the sunbeams, dare
 The purblind world ! in heav'n those glories are.
 What could the greatest artist, Nature, add
 T' increase his graces ? divine form he had,
 Striving in all his parts which should surpass ;
 And like a well-tuned chime his carriage was, 20
 Full of celestial witchcraft, winning all
 To admiration and love personal.
 His lance appeared to the beholders' eyes,
 When his fair hand advanced it to the skies,
 Larger than truth, for well could he it wield,
 And make it promise honour in the field.

When Court and Music called him, off fell arms,
And as he had been shaped for love's alarms,
In harmony he spake, and trod the ground
In more proportion than the measured sound. 30
How fit for peace was he, and rosy beds !
How fit to stand in troops of iron heads,
When time had with his circles made complete
His charmed rounds ! All things in time grow great.

This fear, even like a comet that hangs high,
And shoots his threat'ning flashes through the sky,
Held all the eyes of Christendom intent
Upon his youthful hopes, casting th' event
Of what was in his power, not in his will :
For that was close concealed, and must lie still, 40
As deeply hid as that design which late
With the French Lion died. O earthly state,
How doth thy greatness in a moment fall,
And feasts in highest pomp turn funeral !

But our young Henry armed with all the arts
That suit with Empire, and the gain of hearts,
Bearing before him fortune, power, and love,
Appeared first in perfection, fit to move
Fixt admiration : though his years were green
Their fruit was yet mature : his care had been 50
Surveying India, and implanting there
The knowledge of that God which he did fear :
And ev'n now, though he breathless lies, his sails
Are struggling with the winds, for our avails
T' explore a passage hid from human tract,
Will fame him in the enterprise or fact.
O Spirit full of hope, why art thou fled

From deeds of honour? why's that virtue dead
Which dwelt so well in thee? a bower more sweet,
If Paradise were found, it could not meet. 60

Curst then be Fate that stole our blessing so,
And had for us now nothing left but woe,
Had not th' All-seeing Providence yet kept
Another joy safe, that in silence slept :
And that same Royal workman, who could frame
A Prince so worthy of immortal fame,
Lives ; and long may he live, to form the other
His expressed image, and grace of his brother,
To whose eternal peace we offer now
Gifts which he loved, and fed ; musics that flow 70
Out of a sour and melancholic vein,
Which best sort with the sorrows we sustain.

TO THE MOST SACRED KING JAMES.

I

O GRIEF, how divers are thy shapes wherein men
languish !

The face sometime with tears thou fill'st,
Sometime the heart thou kill'st
With unseen anguish.
Sometime thou smilest to view how Fate
Plays with our human state :
So far from surety here
Are all our earthly joys,
That what our strong hope builds, when least we fear,
A stronger power destroys. 10

II

O Fate, why shouldst thou take from Kings their joy
 and treasure?
 Their image if men should deface
 'Twere death, which thou dost race
 Even at thy pleasure.
 Wisdom of holy kings yet knows
 Both what it hath, and owes.
 Heaven's hostage, which you bred
 And nursed with such choice care,
 Is ravished now, great King, and from us fled
 When we were least aware. 20

TO THE MOST SACRED QUEEN ANNE.

I

'Tis now dead night, and not a light on earth,
 Or star in heaven, doth shine :
 Let now a mother mourn the noblest birth
 That ever was both mortal and divine.
 O sweetness peerless ! more than human grace !
 O flowery beauty ! O untimely death !
 Now, Music, fill this place
 With thy most doleful breath :
 O singing wail a fate more truly funeral,
 Than when with all his sons the sire of Troy did
 fall. 10

II

Sleep, Joy ! die, Mirth ! and not a smile be seen,
 Or show of heart's content !
 For never sorrow nearer touched a Queen,
 Nor were there ever tears more duly spent.
 O dear remembrance, full of rueful woe !
 O ceaseless passion ! O unhuman hour !
 No pleasure now can grow,
 For withered is her flower.
 O anguish do thy worst and fury tragical,
 Since fate in taking one hath thus disordered all. 20

TO THE MOST HIGH AND MIGHTY
PRINCE CHARLES.

I

FORTUNE and Glory may be lost and won,
 But when the work of Nature is undone
 That loss flies past returning ;
 No help is left but mourning.
 What can to kind youth more despiteful prove
 Than to be robbed of one sole brother ?
 Father and Mother
 Ask reverence, a brother only love.
 Like age and birth like thoughts and pleasures move :
 What gain can he heap up, though showers of
 crowns descend, 10
 Who for that good must change a brother and a
 friend ?

II

Follow, O follow yet thy brother's fame,
But not his fate : let's only change the name,
 And find his worth presented
 In thee, by him prevented.
Of[e]r past example of the dead be great,
 Out of thyself begin thy story :
 Virtue and glory
Are eminent being placed in princely seat.
Oh, heaven, his age prolong with sacred heat, 20
 And on his honoured head let all the blessings light
 Which to his brother's life men wished, and wished
 them right.

TO THE MOST PRINCELY AND VIRTUOUS
THE LADY ELIZABETH.

I.

So parted you as if the world for ever
 Had lost with him her light :
Now could your tears hard flint to ruth excite,
 Yet may you never
 Your loves again partake in human sight :
O why should fate such two kind hearts dis sever
As nature never knit more fair or firm together ?

II

So loved you as sister should a brother
 Not in a common strain,

l. 6. *fate*. Old ed. "love." The correction "fate" is written
(in a handwriting of the early seventeenth century) in the
margin of the British Museum copy (G. 18).

For princely blood doth vulgar fire disdain : 10
 But you each other
 On earth embraced in a celestial chain.
 Alas, for love ! that heav'nly-born affection
 To change should subject be and suffer earth's infection !

TO THE MOST ILLUSTRIOUS AND MIGHTY
 FREDERICK THE FIFTH, COUNT
 PALATINE OF THE RHEIN.

I

How like a golden dream you met and parted,
 That pleasing straight doth vanish !
 O who can ever banish
 The thought of one so princely and free-hearted !
 But he was pulled up in his prime by fate,
 And love for him must mourn though all too late.
 Tears to the dead are due, let none forbid
 Sad hearts to sigh : true grief cannot be hid.

II

Yet the most bitter storm to height increased
 By heaven again is ceased : 10
 O time, that all things movest,
 In grief and joy thou equal measure lovest :
 Such the condition is of human life,
 Care must with pleasure mix and peace with strife :
 Thoughts with the days must change ; as tapers
 waste,
 So must our griefs ; day breaks when night is past.

SONGS OF MOURNING

141

TO THE MOST DISCONSOLATE GREAT
BRITAIN.

I

WHEN pale famine fed on thee,
With her unsatiate jaws ;
When civil broils set murder free
Contemning all thy laws ;
When heav'n enraged consumed thee so
With plagues that none thy face could know,
Yet in thy looks affliction then showed less
Than now for one's fate all thy parts express.

II

Now thy highest states lament
A son, and brother's loss ; 10
Thy nobles mourn in discontent,
And rue this fatal cross ;
Thy commons are with passion sad
To think how brave a Prince they had :
If all thy rocks from white to black should turn
Yet could'st thou not in show more amply mourn.

TO THE WORLD.

I

O POOR distracted world, partly a slave
To pagans' sinful rage, partly obscured
With ignorance of all the means that save !
And ev'n those parts of thee that live assured

l. 8. *Than now.* This is the reading in the music-text : the
repeat gives " Thou now for one's fall," &c.

THE SONG OF HOPEFULNESS

If men are good, or men are not so true,
With honest men is a happy way to go,
I never would, I want the old right
That men come to by the right way.

When all you will remember that the year
Of Christendom's history never happened in
None of them, it was the last night of the
For men a heavenly Prince might well be found
Of earthly men. Oh how a man is found
With power when men's waiting hearts are shown:
O prince of men, for that it needs while we
In time expect the night when time is done.

A TABLE OF ALL THE SONGS CONTAINED IN THIS BOOK.

1. I love
2. The new dead night.
3. Fortune and glory
4. So parted you
5. How like a golden dream.
6. When you are gone
7. O poor distressed world

END

*The Discription of a Maske, Presented before the
Kinges Maiestie at White-Hall, on Twelfth Night
last, in honour of the Lord Hayes, and his Bride,
Daughter and Heire to the Honourable the Lord
Dennye, their Marriage hauing been the same Day
at Court solemnized. To this by occasion other small
Poemes are adioyned. Inuented and set forth by
Thomas Campion Doctor of Phisicke. London Im-
printed by Iohn Windet for Iohn Brown and are to
be solde at his shop in S. Dunstones Churchyard in
Fleetstreet. 1607. 4to.*

Sir James Hay, created in 1615 Baron Hay of Sawley, and raised in 1622 to the dignity of Earl of Carlisle, was noted for his magnificent style of living (particularly during his embassy in France and Germany, 1619-1622), by which he greatly impoverished his estate. He married, in 1613, his second wife, Lucy, youngest daughter of Henry Earl of Northumberland, and died in 1636, leaving by his first wife a son James, second Earl of Carlisle. Clarendon has a character of him ; and he is extolled in Lloyd's "State Worthies."

The present masque (which has been reprinted in the second volume of Nichols's "Progresses of King James") is of great rarity. On the back of the title-page is a copper-plate engraving (rudely coloured in the two copies that I have seen) of one of the masquers.



And with bright feet,
 And sword not being known, the happy
 times grew manifold, and the good news
 to them, great Monarch, with low, white hair,
 Do you there bleed as can be seen in our
 And with like, our rightness prepares
 The ridge, and the living Union
 'Tween France and English, who can wonder more,
 If he that marries kingdoms, carries more.

THE FIRST PART

And with the same, the
 And with the same, the
 And with the same, the
 And with the same, the
 And with the same, the
 And with the same, the
 And with the same, the
 And with the same, the



TO THE MOST PUISSANT AND GRACIOUS
JAMES KING OF GREAT BRITAIN.

THE disunited Scythians when they sought
To gather strength by parties, and combine
That perfect league of friends which once being
wrought
No turn of time or fortune could untwine,
This right they held : a massy bowl was brought,
And ev'ry right arm shot his several blood
Into the mazer till 'twas fully fraught.
Then having stirred it to an equal flood
They quaffed to th' union, which till death should
last,
In spite of private foe, or foreign fear ; 10
And this blood-sacrament being known t' have past.
Their names grew dreadful to all far and near.
O then, great Monarch, with how wise a care
Do you these bloods divided mix in one,
And with like consanguinities prepare
The high, and everliving Union
'Tween Scots and English ! who can wonder then
If he that marries kingdoms, marries men ?

AN EPIGRAM.

*MERLIN, the great King Arthur being slain,
Foretold that he should come to life again,
And long time after wield great Britain's state
More powerful ten-fold, and more fortunate.
Prophet, 'tis true, and well we find the same,
Save only that thou didst mistake the name.*

AD INVICTISSIMUM SERENISSIMUMQUE
IACOBUM, MAGNAE BRITANNIAE
REGEM.

*ANGLIAE, et unanimis Scotiae pater, anne maritus
Sis dubito, an neuter, (Rex) vel uterque simul.
Uxores pariter binas sibi jungat ut unus,
Credimus hoc, ipso te prohibente, nefas.
Atque, maritali natus violare parentem
Complexu, quis non cogitat esse scelus?
At tibi divinis successibus utraque nubit;
Una tamen conjux, conjugis unus amor.
Connubium O mirum, binas qui ducere et unam
Possis! tu solus sic, Iacobe, potes. 10
Divisas leviter terras componis in unam
Atque unam aeternum nomine regue facis:
Natisque, et nuptis, pater et vir factus utrisque es;
Unitis conjux vere, et amore parens.*

TO THE RIGHT NOBLE AND VIRTUOUS
THEOPHILUS HOWARD,
LORD OF WALDEN, SON AND HEIR TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE THE EARL
OF SUFFOLK.

If to be sprung of high and princely blood,
If to inherit virtue, honour, grace,
If to be great in all things, and yet good,
If to be facile, yet t' have power and place,
If to be just, and bountiful, may get
The love of men, your right may challenge it.

The course of foreign manners far and wide,
The courts, the countries, cities, towns and state,
The blossom of your springing youth hath tried,
Honoured in ev'ry place and fortunate, 10
Which now grown fairer doth adorn our Court
With princely revelling and timely sport.

But if th' admired virtues of your youth
Breed such despairing to my daunted muse,
That it can scarcely utter naked truth,
How shall it mount as ravished spirits use
Under the burden of your riper days,
Or hope to reach the so far distant bays?

My slender Muse shall yet my love express,
And by the fair Thames' side of you she'll sing ; 20
The double streams shall bear her willing verse
Far hence with murmur of their ebb and spring.
But if you favour her light tunes, ere long
She'll strive to raise you with a loftier song.

TO THE RIGHT VIRTUOUS, AND
HONOURABLE, THE LORD
AND LADY HAYES.

SHOULD I presume to separate you now,
That were so lately joined by holy vow,
For whom this golden dream which I report
Begot so many waking eyes at Court,

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And for whose grace so many nobles changed,
 Their names and habits, from themselves estranged ?
 Accept together, and together view
 This little work which all belongs to you,
 And live together many blessed days,
 To propagate the honoured name of Hayes. 10

EPIGRAMMA.

*HÆREDEM (ut spes est) pariet nova nupta Scot
 Anglum ;
 Quem gignet posthac ille, Britannus erit :
 Sic nova posteritas, ex regnis orta duobus,
 Utrique egregios nobilitabit avos.*

THE DESCRIPTION OF A MASQUE,

*Presented before the King's Majesty at White Hall, on
 twelfth night last, in honour of the Lord Hayes and
 his bride, daughter and heir to the honourable the Lord
 Denny, their marriage having been the same day at
 Court solemnized.*

As in battles, so in all other actions that are to be reported, the first, and most necessary part is the description of the place, with his opportunities and properties, whether they be natural or artificial. The great hall (wherein the Masque was presented) received this division, and order. The upper part where the cloth and chair of state were placed, had scaffolds and seats on either side continued to the screen ; right before it was made a partition for the dancing-place ;

on the right hand whereof were consorted ten musicians, with bass and mean lutes, a bandora, a double sackbut and an harpsichord, with two treble violins ; on the other side somewhat nearer the screen were placed nine violins and three lutes, and to answer both the consorts (as it were in a triangle) six cornets, and six chapel voices, were seated almost right against them, in a place raised higher in respect of the piercing sound of those instruments ; eighteen foot from the screen, another stage was raised higher by a yard than that which was prepared for dancing. This higher stage was all enclosed with a double veil, so artificially painted, that it seemed as if dark clouds had hung before it : within that shroud was concealed a green valley, with green trees round about it, and in the midst of them nine golden trees of fifteen foot high, with arms and branches very glorious to behold. From the which grove toward the state was made a broad descent to the dancing place, just in the midst of it ; on either hand were two ascent, like the sides of two hills, drest with shrubs and trees ; that on the right hand leading to the bower of Flora : the other to the house of Night ; which bower and house were placed opposite at either end of the screen, and between them both was raised a hill, hanging like a cliff over the grove below, and on the top of it a goodly large tree was set, supposed to be the tree of Diana ; behind the which toward the window was a small descent, with another spreading hill that climbed up to the top of the window, with many trees on the height of it, whereby those that played on the haut-

boys at the King's entrance into the hall were shadowed. The bower of Flora was very spacious, garnished with all kind of flowers, and flowery branches with lights in them ; the house of Night ample and stately, with black pillars, whereon many stars of gold were fixed : within it, when it was empty, appeared nothing but clouds and stars, and on the top of it stood three turrets underpropt with small black starred pillars, the middlemost being highest and greatest, the other two of equal proportion : about it were placed on wire artificial bats and owls, continually moving ; with many other inventions, the which for brevity sake I pass by with silence.

Thus much for the place, and now from thence let us come to the persons.

The Masquers' names were these (whom both for order and honour I mention in the first place).

1. *Lord Walden.*
2. *Sir Thomas Howard.*
3. *Sir Henry Carey, Master of the Jewel house.*
4. *Sir Richard Preston* } *Gent. of the K. Privy*
5. *Sir John Ashley* } *Chamber.*
6. *Sir Thomas Jarret, Pensioner.*
7. *Sir John Digby, one of the King's Carvers.*
8. *Sir Thomas Badger, Master of the King's Harriers.*
9. *Master Goringe.*

Their number nine, the best and amplest of numbers, for as in music seven notes contain all variety, the eight[h] being in nature the same with the first, so in numbering after the ninth we begin

again, the tenth being as it were the diapason in arithmetic. The number of *nine* is framed by the Muses and Worthies, and it is of all the most apt for change and diversity of proportion. The chief habit which the Masquers did use is set forth to your view in the first leaf: they presented in their feigned persons the knights of Apollo, who is the father of heat and youth, and consequently of amorous affections.

The Speakers were in number four.

Flora, the queen of flowers, attired in a changeable taffeta gown, with a large veil embroidered with flowers, a crown of flowers, and white buskins painted with flowers.

Zephyrus, in a white loose robe of sky-coloured taffeta, with a mantle of white silk propped with wire, still waving behind him as he moved; on his head he wore a wreath of palm deckt with primroses and violets, the hair of his head and beard were flaxen, and his buskins white, and painted with flowers.

Night, in a close robe of black silk and gold, a black mantle embroidered with stars, a crown of stars on her head, her hair black and spangled with gold, her face black, her buskins black, and painted with stars; in her hand she bore a black wand, wreathed with gold.

Hesperus, in a close robe of a deep crimson taffeta mingled with sky-colour, and over that a large loose robe of a lighter crimson taffeta; on his head he wore a wreathed band of gold, with a star in the

front thereof, his hair and beard red, and buskins yellow.

These are the principal persons that bear sway in this invention, others that are but seconders to these, I will describe in their proper places, discoursing the Masque in order as it was performed.

As soon as the King was entered the great Hall, the Hautboys (out of the wood on the top of the hill) entertained the time till his Majesty and his train were placed, and then after a little expectation the consort of ten began to play an air, at the sound whereof the veil on the right hand was withdrawn, and the ascent of the hill with the bower of Flora were discovered, where Flora and Zephyrus were busily plucking flowers from the bower, and throwing them into two baskets, which two Sylvens held, who were attired in changeable taffeta, with wreathes of flowers on their heads. As soon as the baskets were filled, they came down in this order; first Zephyrus and Flora, then the two Sylvens with baskets after them; four Sylvens in green taffeta and wreathes, two bearing mean lutes, the third, a bass lute, and the fourth a deep bandora.

As soon as they came to the descent toward the dancing place, the consort of ten ceased, and the four Sylvens played the same air, to which Zephyrus and the two other Sylvens did sing these words in a bass, tenor, and treble voice, and going up and down as they sung they strewed flowers all about the place.

SONG.

*Now hath Flora robbed her bowers
To befriend this place with flowers :
 Strow about, strow about !
The sky rained never kindlier showers.
Flowers with bridals well agree,
Fresh as brides and bridegrooms be :
 Strow about, strow about !
And mix them with fit melody.
Earth hath no princelier flowers
Than roses white and roses red,
But they must still be mingled :
And as a rose new plucked from Venus' thorn,
So doth a bride her bridegroom's bed adorn.*

*Divers divers flowers affect
For some private dear respect :
 Strow about, strow about !
Let every one his own protect ;
But he's none of Flora's friend
That will not the rose commend.
 Strow about, strow about !
Let princes princely flowers defend :
Roses, the garden's pride,
Are flowers for love and flowers for kings,
In courts desired and weddings :
And as a rose in Venus' bosom worn,
So doth a bridegroom his bride's bed adorn.*

The music ceaseth and Flora speaks.

Flora. *Flowers and good wishes Flora doth present*

*Sweet flowers, the ceremonious ornament
Of maiden marriage, Beauty figuring,
And blooming youth ; which though we
careless fling*

*About this sacred place, let none profane
Think that these fruits from common
hills are ta'en,*

*Or vulgar vallies which do subject
lie*

To winter's wrath and cold mortality.

*But these are hallowed and immortal
flowers*

*With Flora's hands gathered from
Flora's bowers.*

*Such are her presents, endless as her
love,*

*And such for ever may this night's joy
prove.*

*Zephyrus,
the western
wind, of all
the most
mild and
pleasant,
who with
Venus, the
Queen of
love, is said
to bring in
the spring,
when na-
tural heat
and appetite
reviveth,
and the glad*

Zeph. *For ever endless may this night's joy
prove !*

*So echoes Zephyrus the friend of Love,
Whose aid Venus implores when she
doth bring*

*Into the naked world the green-leaved
spring.*

*When of the sun's warm beams the nets
we weave*

*That can the stubborn'st heart with love
deceive.*

*That Queen of Beauty and Desire by earth begins
me*

*Breathes gently forth this bridal flowers.
prophecy:*

*Faithful and fruitful shall these bed-
mates prove,
Blest in their fortunes, honoured in
their love.*

Flor. *All grace this night, and, Sylvans, so
must you,
Off'ring your marriage song with
changes new.*

THE SONG IN FORM OF A DIALOGUE.

Can. *Who is the happier of the two,
A maid, or wife?*

Ten. *Which is more to be desired,
Peace or strife?*

Can. *What strife can be where two are one,
Or what delight to pine alone?*

Bas. *None such true friends, none so sweet life,
As that between the man and wife.*

Ten. *A maid is free, a wife is tied.*

Can. *No maid but fain would be a bride.*

Ten. *Why live so many single then?
'Tis not I hope for want of men.*

Can. *The bow and arrow both may fit,
And yet 'tis hard the mark to hit.*

Bas. *He levels fair that by his side
Lays at night his lovely Bride.*

Cho. *Sing Io, Hymen! Io, Io, Hymen!*

This song being ended the whole veil is suddenly drawn, the grove and trees of gold, and the hill with Diana's tree are at once discovered.

Night appears in her house with her Nine Hours, appareled in large robes of black taffeta, painted thick with stars, their hairs long, black, and spangled with gold, on their heads coronets of stars, and their faces black. Every Hour bore in his hand a black torch, painted with stars, and lighted. Night presently descending from her house spake as followeth.

Diana, the Moon and Queen of Virginitie, is said to be Regent and Empress of Night, and is therefore by Night defended, as in her quarrel for the loss of the Bride, her virgin.

Night. *Vanish, dark veils! let night in glory shine*

As she doth burn in rage: come leave our shrine,

You black-haired Hours, and guide us with your lights,

Flora hath wakened wide our drowsy sprites:

See where she triumphs, see her flowers are thrown,

And all about the seeds of malice sown!

Despiteful Flora, is't not enough of grief

That Cynthia's robbed, but thou must grace the thief?

Or didst not hear Night's sovereign Queen complain

*Hymen had stolen a Nymph out of her
train,
And matched her here, plighted hence-
forth to be
Love's friend, and stranger to vir-
ginity?
And makest thou sport for this?*

Flora. *Be mild, stern Night;
Flora doth honour Cynthia, and her
right.*

*Virginity is a voluntary power,
Free from constraint, even like an un-
touched flower
Meet to be gathered when 'tis thoroughly
blown.*

*The Nymph was Cynthia's while she
was her own,
But now another claims in her a right,
By fate reserved thereto and wise fore-
sight.*

Zeph. *Can Cynthia one kind virgin's loss be-
moan?*

*How if perhaps she brings her ten for
one?*

*Or can she miss one in so full a train?
Your Goddess doth of too much store
complain.*

*If all her Nymphs would ask advice of
me*

*There should be fewer virgins than
there be.*

*Nature ordained not men to live alone,
Where there are two a woman should
be one.*

Night. *Thou breath'st sweet poison, wanton
Zephyrus,
But Cynthia must not be deluded thus.
Her holy forests are by thieves profaned,
Her virgins frightened, and lo, where
they stand
That late were Phabus' knights, turned
now to trees
By Cynthia's vengeance for their
injuries
In seeking to seduce her nymphs with
love:
Here they are fixt, and never may
remove
But by Diana's power that stuck them
here.
Apollo's love to them doth yet appear,
In that his beams hath gill them as
they grow,
To make their misery yield the greater
show.
But they shall tremble when sad Night
doth speak,
And at her stormy words their boughs
shall break*

Toward the end of this speech Hesperus
begins to descend by the house of Night, and

by that time the speech was finished he was ready to speak.

Hesp. *Hail, reverend angry Night, hail, Hesperus,*
Queen of Flowers, the Evening
Mild-spirited Zephyrus, hail, Sylva's shews that
and Hours. the wished
Hesperus brings peace, cease then your marriage-
needless jars night is at
Here in this little firmament of stars. hand, and
Cynthia is now by Phœbus pacified, for that
And well content her nymph is made a bride. cause is sup-
pose to be
Since the fair match was by that the friend of
Phœbus graced bridegrooms
Which in this happy Western Isle is
placed
As he in heaven, one lampenlight'ning
all
That under his benign aspect doth fall.
Deep oracles he speaks, and he alone
For arts and wisdom's meet for Phœbus'
throne.
The nymph is honoured, and Diana
pleased:
Night, be you then and your black
Hours appeased:
And friendly listen what your queen by
me
Farther commands: let this my credence
be,

*T'Æneas his sad story? have trees therefore
The instruments of speech and hearing more
Than th' have of facing, and to whom but
Night*

*Belong enchantments? who can more affright
The eye with magic wonders? Night alone
Is fit for miracles, and this shall be one
Apt for this Nuptial dancing jollity.
Earth, then be soft and passable to free
These fettered roots: joy, trees! the time draws
near*

*When in your better forms you shall appear.
Dancing and music must prepare the way,
There's little tedious time in such delay.*

This spoken, the four Sylvens played on their instruments the first strain of this song following: and at the repetition thereof the voices fell in with the instruments which were thus divided: a treble and a bass were placed near his Majesty, and another treble and bass near the grove, that the words of the song might be heard of all, because the trees of gold instantly at the first sound of their voices began to move and dance according to the measure of the time which the musicians kept in singing, and the nature of the words which they delivered.

SONG.

*Move now with measured sound,
You charmed grove of gold,
Trace forth the sacred ground
That shall your forms unfold.*

*Diana and the starry Night for your Apollo's
sake*

*Endue your Sylvan shapes with power this
strange delight to make.*

*Much joy must needs the place betide where
trees for gladness move :*

*A fairer sight was ne'er beheld, or more ex-
pressing love.*

*Yet nearer Phæbus' throne
Meet on your winding ways,
Your bridal mirth make known
In your high-graced Hayes.*

*Let Hymen lead your sliding rounds, and guide
them with his light,*

*While we do Io Hymen sing in honour of this
night,*

*Join three by three, for so the Night by triple
spell decrees,*

*Now to release Apollo's knights from these
enchanted trees.*

*This dancing-song being ended, the golden
trees stood in ranks three by three, and Night*

ascended up to the grove, and spake thus, touching the first three severally with her wand.

Night. *By virtue of this wand, and touch divine,*

These Sylvan shadows back to earth resign :

Your native forms resume, with habit fair,

While solemn music shall enchant the air.

Either by the simplicity, negligence, or conspiracy of the painter, the passing away of the trees was somewhat hazarded; the pattern of them the same day having been shown with much advantage and the nine trees being left unset together even to the same night.

Presently the Sylvens with their four instruments, and five voices, began to play, and sing together the song following; at the beginning whereof that part of the stage whereon the first three trees stood began to yield, and the three foremost trees gently to sink, and this was effected by an engine placed under the stage. When the trees had sunk a yard they cleft in three parts, and the Masquers appeared out of the tops of them, the trees were suddenly conveyed away, and the first three Masquers were raised again by the engine. They appeared then in a false habit, yet very fair, and in form not much unlike their principal and true robe. It was made of green taffeta cut into leaves, and laid upon cloth of silver, and their hats were suitable to the same.

SONG OF TRANSFORMATION.

*Night and Diana charge,
 And th' Earth obeys,
 Opening large
 Her secret ways,
 While Apollo's charmed men
 Their forms receive again.
 Give gracious Phæbus honour then,
 And so fall down, and rest behind the train :
 Give gracious Phæbus honour then
 And so fall, &c.*

When those words were sung, the three Masquers made an honour to the King, and so falling back the other six trees, three by three, came forward, and when they were in their appointed places, Night spake again thus :

*Night. Thus can celestials work in human
 fate,
 Transform and form as they do love or
 hate ;
 Like touch and change receive. The
 Gods agree :
 The best of numbers is contained in
 three.*

THE SONG OF TRANSFORMATION AGAIN.

Night and Diana, &c.

Then Night touched the second three trees and the stage sunk with them as before : and

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in brief the second three did in all points as the first.
Then Night spake again.

Night. *The last, and third of nine, touch, magic
wand,
And give them back their forms at Night's
command.*

Night touched the third three trees, and the same
charm of Night and Diana was sung the third time ;
the last three trees were transformed, and the Mas-
quers raised, when presently the first Music began his
full Chorus.

*Again this song revive and sound it high :
Long live Apollo, Britain's glorious eye !*

This chorus was in manner of an Echo, seconded
by the cornets, then by the consort of ten, then by
the consort of twelve, and by a double chorus of
voices standing on either side, the one against the
other, bearing five voices apiece, and sometime every
chorus was heard severally, sometime mixed, but in
the end all together : which kind of harmony so dis-
tinguished by the place, and by the several nature of
instruments, and changeable conveyance of the song,
and performed by so many excellent masters as were
actors in that music, (their number in all amounting
to forty two voices and instruments) could not but
yield great satisfaction to the hearers.

While this chorus was repeated twice over, the nine
masters in their green habits solemnly descended to

the dancing-place, in such order as they were to begin their dance, and as soon as the chorus ended, the violins, or consort of twelve began to play the second new dance, which was taken in form of an echo by the cornets, and then caught in like manner by the consort of ten, (sometime they mingled two musics together ; sometime played all at once ;) which kind of echoing music rarely became their sylvan attire, and was so truly mixed together, that no dance could ever be better graced than that, as (in such distraction of music) it was performed by the masquers. After this dance Night descended from the grove, and addressed her speech to the masquers, as followeth.

Night. *Phœbus is pleased, and all rejoice to see
His servants from their golden prison free.
But yet since Cynthia hath so friendly smiled,
And to you tree-born knights is reconciled,
First ere you any more work undertake,
About her tree solemn procession make,
Diana's tree, the tree of Chastity,
That placed alone on yonder hill you see.
These green-leaved robes, wherein disguised you
made
Stealths to her nymphs through the thick
forest's shade,
There to the goddess offer thankfully,
That she may not in vain appeased be.
The Night shall guide you, and her Hours
attend you
That no ill eyes, or spirits shall offend you.*

At the end of this speech Night began to lead the way alone, and after her an Hour with his torch, and after the Hour a masquer ; and so in order one by one, a torch-bearer and a masquer, they march on towards Diana's tree. When the masquers came by the house of Night, every one by his Hour received his helmet, and had his false robe plucked off, and, bearing it in his hand, with a low honour offered it at the tree of Chastity, and so in his glorious habit, with his Hour before him, marched to the bower of Flora. The shape of their habit the picture before discovers, the stuff was of carnation satin laid thick with broad silver lace, their helmets being made of the same stuff. So through the bower of Flora they came, where they joined two torch-bearers, and two masquers, and when they past down to the grove, the Hours parted on either side, and made way between them for the masquers, who descended to the dancing-place in such order as they were to begin their third new dance. All this time of procession the six cornets, and six chapel voices sung a solemn motet of six parts made upon these words.

*With spotless minds now mount we to the tree
Of single chastity.*

*The root is temperance grounded deep,
Which the cold-juiced earth doth steep :*

*Water it desires alone,
Other drink it thirsts for none :*

*Therewith the sober branches it doth feed,
Which though they fruitless be,*

*Yet comely leaves they breed,
To beautify the tree.
Cynthia protectress is, and for her sake
We this grave procession make.
Chaste eyes and ears, pure hearts and voices,
Are graces wherein Phæbe most rejoices.*

The motet being ended, the violins began the third new dance, which was lively performed by the masquers, after which they took forth the ladies, and danced the measures with them ; which being finished, the masquers brought the ladies back again to their places : and Hesperus with the rest descended from the grove into the dancing-place, and spake to the masquers as followeth.

Hesperus. *Knights of Apollo, proud of your new birth,
Pursue your triumphs still with joy and
mirth :
Your changed fortunes, and redeemed estate,
Hesperus to your Sovereign will relate.
'Tis now high time he were far hence
retired,
Th' old bridal friend, that ushers Night
desired
Through the dim evening shades, then
taking flight
Gives place and honour to the nuptial
Night.
I, that wished evening star, must now
make way*

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*To Hymen's rights much wronged by my
delay.
But on Night's princely state you ought
I attend,
And I honour your new reconciled friend.*
Night. *Hesperus as you with concord came, ev'n so
'Tis meet that you with concord hence
should go.
Then join you, that in voice and art excel,
To give this star a musical farewell.*

A DIALOGUE OF FOUR VOICES, TWO BASSES
AND TWO TREBLES.

1. *Of all the stars which is the kindest
To a loving Bride?*
2. *Hesperus when in the west
He doth the day from night divide.*
1. *What message can be more respected
Than that which tells wished joys shall be effected?*
2. *Do not Brides watch the evening star?*
1. *O they can discern it far.*
2. *Love Bridegrooms revels?*
 1. *But for fashion.*
2. *And why?* 1. *They hinder wished occasion.*
2. *Longing hearts and new delights,
Love short days and long nights.*
- Chorus. *Hesperus, since you all stars excel
In bridal kindness, kindly farewell, farewell.*

While these words of the Chorus (*kindly farewell,
farewell*) were in singing often repeated, Hesperus

took his leave severally of Night, Flora, and Zephyrus, the Hours and Sylvans, and so while the chorus was sung over the second time, he was got up to the grove, where turning again to the singers, and they to him, Hesperus took a second farewell of them, and so past away by the house of Night. Then Night spake these two lines, and therewith all retired to the grove where they stood before.

Night. *Come, Flora, let us now withdraw our train
That th' eclipsed revels may shine forth again.*

Now the masquers began their lighter dances as corantoës, levaltas and galliards, wherein when they had spent as much time as they thought fit, Night spake thus from the grove, and in her speech descended a little into the dancing-place.

Night. *Here stay: Night leaden-eyed and sprited
grows,
And her late Hours begin to hang their brows.
Hymen long since the bridal bed hath drest,
And longs to bring the turtles to their nest.
Then with one quick dance sound up your
delight,
And with one song we'll bid you all good-night.*

At the end of these words, the violins began the 4 new dance, which was excellently discharged by the Masquers, and it ended with a light change of music and measure. After the dance followed this dialogue of 2 voices, a bass and tenor sung by a Sylvan and an Hour.

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- Ten. Sylvan. *Tell me, gentle Hour of Night,
Wherein dost thou most delight?*
- Bas. Ho. *Not in sleep. Syl. Wherein then?*
- Hour. *In the frolic view of men?*
- Syl. *Lovest thou music? Hour. O 'tis
sweet.*
- Syl. *What's dancing? Hour. Ev'n the
mirth of feet.*
- Syl. *Joy you in fairies and in elves?*
- Hour. *We are of that sort ourselves.
But, Sylvan, say why do you love
Only to frequent the grove?*
- Syl. *Life is fullest of content,
Where delight is innocent.*
- Hour. *Pleasure must vary, not be long.
Come then let's close, and end our song.*
- Chorus. *Yet, ere we vanish from this princely
sight,
Let us bid Phœbus and his states good-
night.*

This chorus was performed with several Echoes of music, and voices, in manner as the great chorus before. At the end whereof the Masquers, putting off their vizards and helmets, made a low honour to the King, and attended his Majesty to the banqueting place.

To the Reader.

*Neither buskin now, nor bays
Challenge I: a Lady's praise
and in elves. Old ed. "and id elues."*

*Shall content my proudest hope.
 Their applause was all my scope ;
 And to their shrines properly
 Revels dedicated be :
 Whose soft ears none ought to pierce
 But with smooth and gently verse.
 Let the tragic Poem swell,
 Raising raging fiends from hell ;
 And let epic dactyls range
 Swelling seas and countries strange :
 Little room small things contains ;
 Easy praise quites easy pains.
 Suffer them whose brows do sweat
 To gain honour by the great :
 It's enough if men me name
 A retailer of such fame.*

Epigramma.

Quid tu te numeris immiscēs? anne medentem
 Metra cathedratum ludicra scripta decent?
 Musicus et medicus, celebris quoque, Phœbe, poeta es,
 Et lepor aegrotos, arte rogante, juvat.
 Crede mihi doctum qui carmen non sapit, idem
 Non habet ingenuum, nec genium medici.

FINIS.

[In the old edition follow five songs with the musical notes: "These songs were used in the Masque; whereof the first two airs were made by M. Campion; the third and last by M. Lupo; the fourth by M.

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Tho. Giles: and though the last three airs were devised only for dancing, yet they are here set forth with words that they may be sung to the lute or viol." Song 1, "Now hath Flora" (p. 153); Song 2, "Move now with measured" (p. 163).

Song 3

*Shows and nightly revels, signs of joy and peace,
Fill royal Britain's Court while cruel war far off doth
rage, for ever hence exiled.
Fair and princely branches with strong arms increase
From that deep-rooted tree whose sacred strength and
glory foreign malice hath beguiled.
Our divided kingdoms now in friendly kindred meet
And old debate to love and kindness turns, our power
with double force uniting;
Truly reconciled, grief appears at last more sweet
Both to ourselves and faithful friends, our undermin-
ing foes affrighting.*

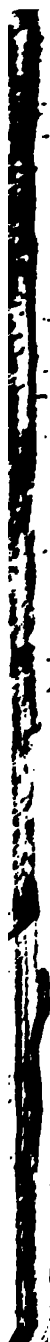
Song 4

*Triumph now with joy and mirth!
The God of Peace hath blessed our land:
We enjoy the fruits of earth
Through favour of His bounteous hand.
We through His most loving grace
A king and kingly seed behold,
Like a sun with lesser stars
Or careful shepherd to his fold:
Triumph then, and yield Him praise
That gives us blest and joyful days.*

Song 5

*Time, that leads the fatal round,
Hath made his centre in our ground,
 With swelling seas embraced ;
And there at one stay he rests,
And with the Fates keeps holy feasts,
 With pomp and pastime graced.
Light Cupids there do dance and Venus sweetly sings
With heavenly notes tuned to sound of silver strings :
Their songs are all of joy, no sign of sorrow there,
But all as starres¹ glist'ring fair and blithe appear. 10]*

¹ I keep the old spelling, as the word is here a dissyllable.



*A Relation Of The Late Royal Entertainment
Given By The Right Honorable The Lord Knowles,
At Cawsome-House neere Redding: to our most
Gracious Queene, Queene Anne, in her Progresse
toward the Bathe, vpon the seuen and eight and
twentie dayes of Aprill, 1613. Whereunto is annexed
the Description, Speeches, and Songs of the Lords
Maske, presented in the Banqueting-house on the
Mariage night of the High and Mightie, Count
Palatine, and the Royally descended the Ladie Eliza-
beth. Written by Thomas Campion.¹ London, printed
for Iohn Budge, and are to be sold at his Shop at the
South-doore of S. Pauls, and at Britaines Bursse.
1613. 4to.*

¹ In some copies the name is "Campian."

Sir William Knollys, second son of Sir Francis Knollys, was created Baron Knollys of Greys in Oxfordshire, by King James in the first year of his reign, Viscount Wallingford in 1616, and Earl of Banbury in 1626. He died 25 May, 1632, at the age of 88. It was his second wife, Elizabeth, daughter of the Earl of Suffolk, who received Queen Anne on her progress towards Bath. The *Relation* is reprinted in the second volume of Nichols' "Progresses of King James."

A RELATION OF THE LATE ROYAL ENTERTAINMENT GIVEN BY THE RIGHT HONORABLE THE LORD KNOWLES AT CAWSOME-HOUSE NEAR READING TO OUR MOST GRACIOUS QUEEN, QUEEN ANNE, IN HER PROGRESS TOWARD THE BATH UPON THE SEVEN AND EIGHT AND TWENTY DAYS OF APRIL, 1613.

Forasmuch as this late Entertainment hath been much desired in writing, both of such as were present at the performance thereof, as also of many which are yet strangers both to the business and place, it shall be convenient, in this general publication, a little to touch at the description and situation of Cawsome seat. The house is fairly built of brick, mounted on the hill-side of a park, within view of Reading, they being severed about the space of two miles. Before the park-gate, directly opposite to the house, a new passage was forced through earable land, that was lately paled in, it being from the park about two flight-shots in length; at the further end whereof, upon the Queen's approach, a Cynic appeared out of a bower, drest in a skin-coat, with bases, of green calico, set thick with leaves and boughs: his nakedness being also artificially shadowed with leaves; on his head he wore a false hair, black and disordered, stuck carelessly with flowers.

The speech of the Cynic to the Queen and her Train.

Cynic. Stay; whether you human be or divine, here is no passage; see you not the earth furrowed? the region solitary? Cities and Courts fit tumultuous

multitudes : this is a place of silence ; here a kingdom I enjoy without people ; myself commands, myself obeys ; host, cook, and guest myself ; I reap without sowing, owe all to Nature, to none other beholding : my skin is my coat, my ornaments these boughs and flowers, this bower my house, the earth my bed, herbs my food, water my drink ; I want no sleep, nor health ; I envy none, nor am envied, neither fear I nor hope, nor joy, nor grieve : if this be happiness, I have it ; which you all that depend on others' service, or command, want : will you be happy ? be private, turn palaces to hermitages, noises to silence, outward felicity to inward content.

A stranger on horse-back was purposely thrust into the troupe disguised, and wrapt in a cloak that he might pass unknown, who at the conclusion of this speech began to discover himself as a fantastic Traveller in a silken suit of strange checker-work, made up after the Italian cut, with an Italian hat, and a band of gold and silk, answering the colours of his suit, with a courtly feather, long gilt spurs, and all things answerable.

The Traveller's speech on horse-back.

Travell. Whither travels thy tongue, ill nurtured man ? thy manners shew madness, thy nakedness poverty, thy resolution folly. Since none will undertake thy presumption, let me descend, that I may make thy ignorance know how much it hath injured sacred ears.

The Traveller then dismounts and gives his cloak and horse to his foot-man : in the meantime the Cynic speaks.

Cyn. Naked I am, and so is truth ; plain, and so is honesty ; I fear no man's encounter, since my cause deserves neither excuse, nor blame.

Trav. Shall I now chide or pity thee ? thou art as miserable in life, as foolish in thy opinion. Answer me ? dost thou think that all happiness consists in solitariness ?

Cyn. I do.

Trav. And are they unhappy that abide in society ?

Cyn. They are.

Trav. Dost thou esteem it a good thing to live ?

Cyn. The best of things.

Trav. Hadst thou not a father and mother ?

Cyn. Yes.

Trav. Did they not live in society ?

Cyn. They did.

Trav. And wert not thou one of their society when they bred thee, instructing thee to go and speak ?

Cyn. True.

Trav. Thy birth then and speech in spite of thy spleen make thee sociable ; go, thou art but a vain-glorious counterfeit, and wanting that which should make thee happy, contemneth the means. View but the heavens : is there not above us a sun and moon, giving and receiving light ? are there not millions of stars that participate their glorious beams ? is there any element simple ? is there not a mixture of all

things? and wouldst thou only be singular? action is the end of life, virtue the crown of action, society the subject of virtue, friendship the band of society, solitariness the breach. Thou art yet young, and fair enough, wert thou not barbarous; thy soul, poor wretch, is far out of tune, make it musical; come, follow me, and learn to live.

Cyn. I am conquered by reason, and humbly ask pardon for my error, henceforth my heart shall honour greatness, and love society; lead now, and I will follow, as good a fellow as the best.

The Traveller and Cynic instantly mount on horse-back, and hasten to the park-gate, where they are received by two Keepers, formally attired in green perpetuana, with jerkins and long hose, all things else being in colour suitable, having either of them a horn hanging formally at their backs, and on their heads they had green Monmouth-caps, with green feathers, the one of them in his hand bearing a hook-bill, and the other a long pike-staff, both painted green: with them stood two Robin-Hood men in suits of green striped with black, drest in doublets with great bellies and wide sleeves, shaped fardingale-wise at the shoulders, without wings; their hose were round, with long green stockings; on their heads they wore broad flat caps with green feathers crost quite over them, carrying green bows in their hands, and green arrows by their sides.

In this space cornets at sundry places entertain the

Monmouth-caps. Old ed. "Mommth-caps."

time, till the Queen with her train is entered into the park : and then one of the Keepers presents her with this short speech.

Keeper. More than most welcome, renowned and gracious Queen, since your presence vouchsafes to beautify these woods, whereof I am keeper, be it your pleasure to accept such rude entertainment, as a rough wood-man can yield. This is to us a high holiday, and henceforth yearly shall be kept and celebrated with our country sports, in honour of so royal a guest ; come, friends and fellows, now prepare your voices, and present your joys in a sylvan dance.

Here standing on a smooth green, and environed with the horse-men, they present a song of five parts, and withall a lively sylvan-dance of six persons : the Robin-Hood men feign two trebles ; one of the Keepers with the Cynic sing two counter-tenors, the other Keeper the bass ; but the Traveller being not able to sing, gapes in silence, and expresseth his humour in antic gestures.

A song and dance of six, two Keepers, two Robin-Hood men, the fantastic Traveller, and the Cynic.

I

*Dance now and sing ; the joy and love we owe
Let cheerful voices and glad gestures show :
The Queen of grace is she whom we receive :
Honour and state are her guides,
Her presence they can never leave.*

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*Then in a stateliest form salute
 Her ever-flowing grace ;
 Fill all the woods with echoed welcomes,
 And strew with flowers this place ;
 Let every bough and plant fresh blossoms yield,
 And all the air refine :
 Let pleasure strive to please our goddess.
 For she is all divine.*

2

*Yet once again let us our measures move,
 And with sweet notes record our joyful love.
 An object more divine none ever had :
 Beauty, and heav'n-born worth,
 Mixt in perfection never fade.
 Then with a dance triumphant let us sing
 Her high advanced praise,
 And ev'n to heav'n our gladsome welcomes
 With wings of music raise ;
 Welcome, O welcome, ever-honoured Queen,
 To this now-blessed place !
 That grove, that bower, that house is happy
 Which you vouchsafe to grace.*

This song being sung and danced twice over, they fall instantly into a kind of coranto, with these words following :—

*No longer delay her,
 'Twere sin now to stay her
 From her ease with tedious sport ;
 coranto. Old ed. "curranta."*

*Then welcome still crying
And swiftly hence flying,
Let us to our homes resort.*

In the end whereof the two Keepers carry away the Cynic ; and the two Robin-Hood men the Traveller ; when presently cornets begin again to sound in several places, and so continue with variety, while the Queen passeth through a long smooth green way, set on each side with trees in equal distance ; all this while her Majesty being carried in her caroch.

But because some wet had fallen that day in the forenoon (though the garden-walks were made artificially smooth and dry) yet all her foot-way was spread with broad-cloth, and so soon as her Majesty with her train were all entered into the lower garden, a Gardener, with his man and boy, issued out of an arbour to give her Highness entertainment. The Gardener was suited in gray with a jerkin double jagged all about the wings and skirts ; he had a pair of great slops with a cod-piece, and buttoned gamachios all of the same stuff : on his head he had a strawn hat, piebaldly drest with flowers, and in his hand a silvered spade. His man was also suited in gray with a great buttoned flap on his jerkin, having large wings and skirts with a pair of great slops and gamachios of the same ; on his head he had a strawn hat, and in his hand a silvered mattox. The Gardener's boy was in a pretty suit of flowery stuff, with a silvered rake in his hand. When they approached near the Queen, they all vailed bonnet ; and lowting low, the Gardener began after his antic fashion this speech.

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Gard. Most magnificent and peerless deity, lo I, the surveyor of Lady Flora's works, welcome your grace with fragrant phrases into her bowers, beseeching your greatness to bear with the late wooden entertainment of the wood-men ; for woods are more full of weeds than wits, but gardens are weeded, and gardeners witty, as may appear by me. I have flowers for all fancies. Thyme for truth, rosemary for remembrance, roses for love, heartsease for joy, and thousands more, which all harmoniously rejoice at your presence ; but myself, with these my Paradisians here, will make you such music as the wild woodists shall be ashamed to here the report of it. Come, sirs, prune your pipes, and tune your strings, and agree together like birds of a feather.

A song of a treble and bass, sung by the Gardener's boy and man, to music of instruments, that was ready to second them in the arbour.

I

Welcome to this flowery place,
Fair Goddess and sole Queen of grace :
All eyes triumph in your sight,
Which through all this empty space
Casts such glorious beams of light.

2

Paradise were meeter far
To entertain so bright a star :
But why errs my folly so ?

deity. Here and elsewhere the old ed. reads "Diety"—which was an old form of "Deity."

Paradise is where you are :
Heav'n above, and heav'n below.

3

Could our powers and wishes meet,
How well would they your graces greet !
Yet accept of our desire :
Roses, of all flowers most sweet,
Spring out of the silly briar.

After this song, the Gardener speaks again.

Gard. Wonder not (great goddess) at the sweetness
of our garden-air (though passing sweet it be). Flora
hath perfumed it for you (Flora our mistress, and your
servant) who invites you yet further into her Paradise ;
she invisibly will lead your grace the way, and we (as
our duty is) visibly stay behind.

*From thence the Queen ascends by a few steps into
the upper garden, at the end whereof, near the house,
this song was sung by an excellent counter-tenor voice,
with rare variety of division unto two unusual instru-
ments, all being concealed within the arbour.*

I

O joys exceeding,
From love, from power of your wished sight proceed-
ing !
As a fair morn shines divinely,
Such is your view, appearing more divinely.

Your steps ascending.
 Raise high your thoughts for your content contending ;
 All our hearts of this grace vaunting,
 Now leap as they were moved by enchanting.

So ended the entertainment without the house for that time ; and the Queen's pleasure being that night to sup privately, the King's violins attended her with their solemnest music, as an excellent consort in like manner did the next day at dinner.

Supper being ended, her Majesty, accompanied with many Lords and Ladies, came into the hall, and rested herself in her chair of state, the scaffolds of the hall being on all parts filled with beholders of worth. Suddenly forth came the Traveller, Gardener, Cynic, with the rest of their crew, and others furnished with their instruments, and in manner following entertain the time.

Traveller. A hall ! a hall ! for men of moment, rationals and irrationals, but yet not all of one breeding. For I an Academic am, refined by travel, that have learned what to courtship belongs, and so divine a presence as this ; if we press past good manners, laugh at our follies, for you cannot shew us more favour than to laugh at us. If we prove ridiculous in your sights, we are gracious ; and therefore we beseech you to laugh at us. For mine own part (I thank my stars for it) I have been laughed at in most parts of Christendom.

Gardener. I can neither brag of my travels, nor yet am ashamed of my profession ; I make sweet walks for fair ladies ; flowers I prepare to adorn them ; close arbours I build wherein their loves unseen may court them ; and who can do ladies better service, or more acceptable ? When I was a child and lay in my cradle, (a very pretty child) I remember well that Lady Venus appeared unto me, and setting a silver spade and rake by my pillow, bade me prove a gardener. I told my mother of it (as became the duty of a good child) whereupon she provided straight for me two great platters full of pap ; which having dutifully devoured, I grew to this portraiture you see, sprung suddenly out of my cabin, and fell to my profession.

Trav. Verily by thy discourse thou hast travelled much, and I am ashamed of myself that I come so far behind thee, as not once to have yet mentioned Venus or Cupid, or any other of the gods to have appeared to me. But I will henceforth boast truly, that I have now seen a deity as far beyond theirs, as the beauty of light is beyond darkness, or this feast, whereof we have had our share, is beyond thy sallets.

Cynic. Sure I am, it hath stirred up strange thoughts in me ; never knew I the difference between wine and water before. Bacchus hath opened mine eyes ; I now see bravery and admire it, beauty and adore it. I find my arms naked, my discourse rude, but my heart soft as wax, ready to melt with the least beam of a fair eye ; which (till this time) was as untractable as iron.

Gard. I much joy in thy conversion, thou hast long

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been a mad fellow, and now provest a good fellow ; let us all therefore join together sociably in a song, to the honour of good fellowship.

Cyn. A very musical motion, and I agree to it.

Trav. Sing that sing can, for my part I will only, while you sing, keep time with my gestures, *à la mode de France.*

A song of three voices with divers instruments.

I

Night as well as brightest day hath her delight,
Let us then with mirth and music deck the night.
Never did glad day such store

Of joy to night bequeath :
Her stars then adore,
Both in Heav'n, and here beneath.

2

Love and beauty, mirth and music yield true joys,
Though the cynics in their folly count them toys.
Raise your spirits ne'er so high,

They will be apt to fall :
None brave thoughts envy,
Who had e'er brave thoughts at all.

3

Joy is the sweet friend of life, the nurse of blood,
Patron of all health, and fountain of all good :
Never may joy hence depart,

But all your thoughts attend ;
Nought can hurt the heart,
That retains so sweet a friend.

à la mode de France. Old ed. "*A la more du France.*"

At the end of this song enters Sylvanus, shaped after the description of the ancient writers ; his lower parts like a goat, and his upper parts in an antic habit of rich taffeta, cut into leaves, and on his head he had a false hair, with a wreath of long boughs and lilies, that hung dangling about his neck, and in his hand a cypress branch, in memory of his love Cyparissus. The Gardener, espying him, speaks thus.

Gard. Silence, sirs, here comes Sylvanus, god of these woods, whose presence is rare, and imports some novelty.

Trav. Let us give place, for this place is fitter for deities than us.

They all vanish and leave Sylvanus alone, who coming nearer to the state, and making a low congee, speaks.

Sylvanus.

That health which harbours in the fresh-aired groves,
Those pleasures which green hill and valley moves,
Sylvanus, the commander of them all,
Here offers to this state imperial ;
Which as a homager he visits now,
And to a greater power his power doth bow.
Withal, thus much his duty signifies :
That there are certain semi-deities,
Belonging to his sylvan walks, who come
Led with the music of a sprightly drum,

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To keep the night awake and honour you
(Great Queen) to whom all honours they hold due.
So rest you full of joy, and wished content,
Which though it be not given, 'tis fairly meant.

At the end of this speech there is suddenly heard a great noise of drums and fifes, and way being made, eight pages first enter, with green torches in their hands lighted; their suits were of green satin, with cloaks and caps of the same, richly and strangely set forth. Presently after them the eight Masquers came, in rich embroidered suits of green satin, with high hats of the same, and all their accoutrements answerable to such noble and princely personages as they concealed under their vizards, and so they instantly fell into a new dance: at the end whereof they took forth the Ladies, and danced with them; and so well was the Queen pleased with her entertainment that she vouchsafed to make herself the head of their revels, and graciously to adorn the place with her personal dancing: much of the night being thus spent with variety of dances, the Masquers made a conclusion with a second new dance.

At the Queen's parting on Wednesday in the afternoon, the Gardener with his man and boy and three handsome country maids, the one bearing a rich bag with linen in it, the second a rich apron, and a third a rich mantle, appear all out of an arbour in the lower garden, and meeting the Queen, the Gardener presents this speech.

Gardener.

Stay, goddess ! stay a little space,
Our poor country love to grace :
Since we dare not too long stay you,
Accept at our hands, we pray you,
These mean presents, to express
Greater love than we profess,
Or can utter now for woe
Of your parting hast'ned so.
Gifts these are, such as were wrought
By their hands that them have brought,
Home-bred things, which they presumed,
After I had them perfumed
With my flowery incantation,
To give you in presentation
At your parting. Come, feat lasses,
With fine curtsies, and smooth faces,
Offer up your simple toys
To the mistress of our joys ;
While we the sad time prolong
With a mournful parting song.

*A song of three voices continuing while the presents
are delivered and received.*

I

Can you, the author of our joy,
So soon depart ?
Will you revive, and straight destroy ?
New mirth to tears convert ?
O that ever cause of gladness
Should so swiftly turn to sadness !

2

Now as we droop, so will these flowers,
Barred of your sight :
Nothing avail them heav'nly showers
Without your heav'nly light.
When the glorious sun forsakes us,
Winter quickly overtakes us.

3

Yet shall our prayers your ways attend,
When you are gone ;
And we the tedious time will spend,
Rememb'ring you alone.
Welcome here shall you hear ever,
But the word of parting never.

Thus ends this ample entertainment, which as it was most nobly performed by the right honourable the lord and lady of the house, and fortunately executed by all that any way were actors in it, so was it as graciously received of her Majesty, and celebrated with her most royal applause.

THE DESCRIPTION, SPEECHES, AND SONGS, OF THE
LORDS' MASQUE, PRESENTED IN THE BAN-
QUETING-HOUSE ON THE MARRIAGE NIGHT OF
THE HIGH AND MIGHTY COUNT PALATINE, AND
THE ROYALLY DESCENDED THE LADY ELIZA-
BETH.¹

I have now taken occasion to satisfy many, who long since were desirous that the Lords' masque should be published, which, but for some private lets, had in due time come forth. The Scene was divided into two parts. From the roof to the floor, the lower part being first discovered (upon the sound of a double consort, exprest by several instruments, placed on either side of the room) there appeared a wood in perspective, the innermost part being of relief, or whole round, the rest painted. On the left hand from the seat was a cave, and on the right a thicket, out of which came Orpheus, who was attired after the old Greek manner, his hair,

¹ The marriage was celebrated on Shrove-Sunday, 14 February, 1612-13. "Of the Lords' Masque," writes Chamberlain, "I hear no great commendation save only for riches, their devices being long and tedious, and more like a play than a masque" (Winwood's "Memorials," iii. 435). But, as Nichols remarks, Chamberlain was not present. Those who were dissatisfied with Campion's masque must have been hard to please. It cost £400 (Nichols' "Progresses of King James," ii. 622),—a small sum compared with the lavish expenses frequently incurred on such occasions.

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*And now she sang, I heard myself in her sound, and in
 her words as if I were with some new company
 placed, several times cast me upon the hearing of the
 constant Orpheus' song.*

Orpheus.

Again, again, fresh 'candle' Phœbus' sounds,
 Persuade Mania from her mirthful mien :
 Alay the fury that her sense confounds,
 And call her gently forth : sound, sound again.

*I've never, not sound again, and Mania, the guid-
 less of madness, comes, wildly out of her cage. Her
 looks are softened and strange, but yet graceful : she
 as one amazed speaks.*

Mania. What powerful noise is this importunes me,
 T'abandon darkness which my humour fits ?
 Jove's hand in it I feel, and ever he
 Must be obeyed ev'n of the frantic'st wits.

Orpheus. Mama :

Mania. Hah !

Orpheus. Brain-sick, why start'st thou so ?
 Approach yet nearer, and thou then shall
 know
 The will of Jove, which he will breathe
 from me.

Mania. Who art thou ? if my dazzled eyes can see,
 Thou art the sweet coxcomb, heav'nly
 Orpheus.

Orpheus. The same, Mania, and Jove greets thee
 thus :

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Though several power to thee and charge
he gave
T'enclose in thy dominions such as rave
Through blood's distemper, how durst thou
attempt
T'imprison Entheus whose rage is exempt
From vulgar censure ? it is all divine,
Full of celestial rapture, that can shine
Through darkest shadows : therefore Jove
by me
Commands thy power straight to set Entheus
free.

Mania. How can I? Frantics with him many more
In one cave are locked up ; ope once the door,
All will fly out, and through the world disturb
The peace of Jove ; for what power then
can curb
Their reinless fury ?

Orpheus. Let not fear in vain
Trouble thy crazed fancy ; all again,
Save Entheus, to thy safeguard shall retire,
For Jove into our music will inspire
The power of passion, that their thoughts
shall bend
To any form or motion we intend.

Obey Jove's will then ; go, set Entheus free.

Mania. I willing go, so Jove obeyed must be.

Orph. Let Music put on Protean changes now ;
Wild beasts it once tamed, now let Frantics
bow.

will. Old ed. "willing."

At the sound of a strange music twelve Frantics enter, six men and six women, all presented in sundry habits and humours. There was the lover, the self-lover, the melancholic man full of fear, the school-man overcome with fantasy, the over-watched usurer, with others that made an absolute medley of madness ; in midst of whom Entheus (or poetic fury) was hurried forth, and lost up and down, till by virtue of a new change in the music, the Lunatics fell into a mad measure, fitted to a loud fantastic tune ; but in the end thereof the music changed into a very solemn air, which they softly played, while Orpheus spake.

Orph. Through these soft and calm sounds, Mania,
pass
With thy Fantastics hence ; here is no place
Longer for them or thee ; Entheus alone
Must do Jove's bidding now : all else be
gone.

During this speech Mania with her Frantics depart, leaving Entheus behind them, who was attired in a close curace of the antic fashion, bases with labels, a robe fastened to his shoulders, and hanging down behind ; on his head a wreath of laurels, out of which grew a pair of wings ; in the one hand he held a book, and in the other a pen.

Enth. Divinest Orpheus, O how all from thee
Proceed with wondrous sweetness ! Am I
free ?
Is my affliction vanished ?

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Orph.

Too, too long,

Alas, good Entheus, hast thou brooked this
wrong.

What ! number thee with madmen ! O mad
age,

Senseless of thee, and thy celestial rage !

For thy excelling rapture, ev'n through things
That seems most light, is borne with sacred
wings :

Nor are these musics, shows, or revels vain,
When thou adorn'st them with thy Phœbean
brain.

Th'are palate-sick of much more vanity,
That cannot taste them in their dignity.

Jove therefore lets thy prisoned sprite obtain

Her liberty and fiery scope again ;

And here by me commands thee to create

Inventions rare, this night to celebrate,

Such as become a nuptial by his will

Begun and ended.

Enth.

Jove I honour still,

And must obey. Orpheus, I feel the fires

Are ready in my brain, which Jove inspires.

Lo, through that veil I see Prometheus
stand

Before those glorious lights which his false
hand

Stole out of heav'n, the dull earth to inflame

With the affects of Love and honoured Fame.

I view them plain in pomp and majesty,

Such as being seen might hold rivalry

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With the best amongst. Orpheus, give a
call
With thy charmed music, and discover all.
Orph. Fly, cheerful voices, through the air, and
clear
These clouds, that you had beauty may
appear.

A Song.

1

Come away ; bring thy golden theft,
Bring, bright Prometheus, all thy lights :
Thy fires from Heav'n bereft
Show now to human sights.
Come quickly, come ! thy stars to our stars straight
present,
For pleasure being too much deferred loseth her best
content.
What fair dames wish, should swift as their own
thoughts appear ;
To loving and to longing hearts every hour seems a
year.

2

See how fair, O how fair, they shine !
What yields more pomp beneath the skies ?
Their birth is yet divine,
And such their form implies.
Large grow their beams, their near approach afford
them so ;
By nature sights that pleasing are, cannot too amply
show.

SONGS OF THE LORDS' MASQUE 201

O might these flames in human shapes descend this
place,
How lovely would their presence be, how full of
grace !

In the end of the first part of this song, the upper part of the scene was discovered by the sudden fall of a curtain ; then in clouds of several colours (the upper part of them being fiery, and the middle heightened with silver) appeared eight stars of extraordinary bigness, which so were placed, as that they seemed to be fixed between the firmament and the earth. In the front of the scene stood Prometheus, attired as one of the ancient heroes.

Enth. Patron of mankind, powerful and bounteous,
Rich in thy flames, reverend Prometheus,
In Hymen's place aid us to solemnise
These royal nuptials ; fill the lookers' eyes
With admiration of thy fire and light,
And from thy hand let wonders flow to-night.

Prom. Entheus and Orpheus, names both dear to me,
In equal balance I your third will be
In this night's honour. View these heav'n-
born stars,
Who by my stealth are become sublunars ;
How well their native beauties fit this place,
Which with a choral dance they first shall
grace ;
Then shall their forms to human figures turn,
And these bright fires within their bosoms
burn.

202 DESCRIPTION, SPEECHES, AND

Orpheus, apply thy music, for it well
Helps to induce a courtly miracle.
Orp. Sound, best of musics, raise yet higher our
sprites,
While we admire Prometheus' dancing lights.

A Song.

1

Advance your choral motions now,
You music-loving lights :
This night concludes the nuptial vow,
Make this the best of nights :
So bravely crown it with your beams
That it may live in fame
As long as Rhenus or the Thames
Are known by either name.

2

Once more again, yet nearer move
Your forms at willing view ;
Such fair effects of joy and love
None can express but you.
Then revel midst your airy bowers
Till all the clouds do sweat,
That pleasure may be poured in showers
On this triumphant seat.

3

Long since hath lovely Flora thrown
Her flowers and garlands here ;
Rich Ceres all her wealth hath shown,
Proud of her dainty cheer.

SONGS OF THE LORDS' MASQUE 203

Changed them to human shape, descend,
Clad in familiar weed,
That every eye may here commend
The kind delights you breed.

According to the humour of this song, the stars moved in an exceeding strange and delightful manner, and I suppose few have ever seen more neat artifice than Master Inigo Jones shewed in contriving their motion, who in all the rest of the workmanship which belonged to the whole invention shewed extraordinary industry and skill, which if it be not as lively exprest in writing as it appeared in view, rob not him of his due, but lay the blame on my want of right apprehending his instructions for the adorning of his art. But to return to our purpose ; about the end of this song, the stars suddenly vanished, as if they had been drowned amongst the clouds, and the eight masquers appeared in their habits, which were infinitely rich, befitting states (such as indeed they all were) as also a time so far heightened the day before with all the richest show of solemnity that could be invented. The ground of their attires was massy cloth of silver, embossed with flames of embroidery ; on their heads, they had crowns, flames made all of gold-plate enameled, and on the top a feather of silk, representing a cloud of smoke. Upon their new transformation, the whole scene being clouds dispersed, and there appeared an element of artificial fires, with several circles of lights, in continual motion, representing the house of Prometheus, who then thus applies his speech to the masquers.

They are transformed.

Prometh. So pause awhile, and come, ye fiery sprites,
Break forth the earth like sparks t'attend
these knights.

*Sixteen pages, like fiery spirits, all their attires being
alike composed of flames, with fiery wings and bases,
bearing in either hand a torch of virgin wax, come
forth below, dancing a lively measure, and the dance
being ended, Prometheus speaks to them from above.*

The Torch-bearers' Dance.

Pro. Wait, spirits, wait, while through the clouds
we pace,
And by descending gain a higher place.

*The pages return toward the scene, to give their
attendance to the masquers with their lights: from the
side of the scene appeared a bright and transparent
cloud, which reached from the top of the heavens to the
earth: on this cloud the masquers, led by Prometheus,
descended with the music of a full song; and at the
end of their descent, the cloud brake in twain, and one
part of it (as with a wind) was blown overthwart the
scene.*

*While this cloud was vanishing, the wood being the
under-part of the scene, was insensibly changed, and in
place thereof appeared four noble women-statues of
silver, standing in several niches, accompanied with*

sprites. Old ed. "spirits."

ornaments of architecture, which filled all the end of the house, and seemed to be all of gold-smith's work. The first order consisted of pilasters all of gold, set with rubies, sapphires, emeralds, opals and such like. The capitals were composed, and of a new invention. Over this was a bastard order with cartouches reversed coming from the capitals of every pilaster, which made the upper part rich and full of ornament. Over every statue was placed a history in gold, which seemed to be of base relief; the conceits which were figured in them were these. In the first was Prometheus, embossing in clay the figure of a woman, in the second he was represented stealing fire from the chariot-wheel of the sun; in the third he is exprest putting life with this fire into his figure of clay; and in the fourth square Jupiter, enraged, turns these new-made women into statues. Above all, for finishing, ran a cornice, which returned over every pilaster, seeming all of gold and richly carved.

A full Song.

Supported now by clouds descend,
 Divine Prometheus, Hymen's friend :
 Lead down the new transformed fires
 And fill their breasts with love's desires,
 That they may revel with delight,
 And celebrate this nuptial night.
 So celebrate this nuptial night
 That all which see may say
 They never viewed so fair a sight
 Even on the clearest day.

say. Old ed. "stay."

206 DESCRIPTION, SPEECHES, AND

While this song is sung, and the masquers court the four new transformed ladies, four other statues appear in their places.

Entheus. See, see, Prometheus, four of these first
dames

Which thou long since out of thy purchased
flames,

Didst forge with heav'nly fire, as they were
then

By Jove transformed to statues, so again

They suddenly appear by his command

At thy arrival. Lo, how fixed thy stand ;

So did Jove's wrath too long, but now at
last,

It by degrees relents, and he hath placed

These statues, that we might his aid im-
plore,

First for the life of these, and then for
more.

Prom. Entheus, thy counsels are divine and just,
Let Orpheus deck thy hymn, since pray we
must.

The first invocation in a full song.

Powerful Jove, that of bright stars,

Now hast made men fit for wars,

Thy power in these statues prove

And make them women fit for love.

SONGS OF THE LORDS' MASQUE 207

Orpheus. See, Jove is pleased ; statues have life and
move !

Go, new-born men, and entertain with love
The new-born women, though your number
yet

Exceeds their's double, they are armed with
wit

To bear your best encounters. Court them
fair :

When words and music please, let none
despair.

The Song.

I

Woo her, and win her, he that can !
Each woman hath two lovers,
So she must take and leave a man,
Till time more grace discovers.
This doth Jove to shew that want
Makes beauty most respected :
If fair women were more scant,
They would be more affected.

2

Courtship and music suit with love,
They both are works of passion ;
Happy is he whose words can move,
Yet sweet notes help persuasion.

208 DESCRIPTION, SPEECHES, AND

Mix your words with music then,
That they the more may enter ;
Bold assaults are fit for men,
That on strange beauties venter.

Promet. Cease, cease your wooing strife ! see, Jove
intends
To fill your number up, and make all friends.
Orpheus and Entheus, join your skills once
more,
And with a hymn the deity implore.

The second invocation to the tune of the first.

Powerful Jove, that hast given four,
Raise this number but once more,
That complete, their numerous feet
May aptly in just measures meet.

*The other four statues are transformed into women,
in the time of this invocation.*

Enth. The number's now complete, thanks be to
Jove !
No man needs fear a rival in his love ;
For all are sped, and now begins delight
To fill with glory this triumphant night.

*The masquers, having every one entertained his lady,
begin their first new entering dance : after it, while
they breathe, the time is entertained with a dialogue-
song.*

venter. Old ed. gives "venture ;" but "venter"—which is
recognized old form of "venture"—is needed for the rhyme

SONGS OF THE LORDS' MASQUE 209

Breathe you now, while Io Hymen
To the bride we sing :
O how many joys and honours,
From this match will spring !
Ever firm the league will prove,
Where only goodness causeth love.
Some for profit seek
What their fancies most disleek ;
These love for virtue's sake alone :
Beauty and youth unite them both in one.

Chorus.

Live with thy bridegroom happy, sacred bride ;
How blest is he that is for love envied !

The masquers' second dance.

Breathe again, while we with music
Fill the empty space :
O but do not in your dances
Yourselves only grace.
Ev'ry one fetch out your fere,
Whom chiefly you will honour here.
Sights most pleasure breed,
When their numbers most exceed.
Choose then, for choice to all is free ;
Taken or left, none discontent must be.

Chorus.

Now in thy revels frolic-fair delight,
To heap joy on this ever-honoured night.

The masquers during this dialogue take out others to dance with them ; men women, and women men ; and first of all the princely bridegroom and bride were drawn into these solemn revels, which continued a long space, but in the end were broken off with this short song.

A Song.

Cease, cease you revels, rest a space ;
New pleasures press into this place,
Full of beauty and of grace.

The whole scene was now again changed, and became a prospective with porticoes on each side, which seemed to go in a great way ; in the middle was erected an obelisk, all of silver, and in it lights of several colours ; on the side of this obelisk, standing on pedestals, were the statues of the bridegroom and bride, all of gold in gracious postures. This obelisk was of that height, that the top thereof touched the highest clouds, and yet Sibylla did draw it forth with a thread of gold. The grave sage was in a robe of gold tuckt up before to her girdle, a kirtle gathered full and of silver ; with a veil on her head, being bare-necked, and bearing in her hands a scroll of parchment.

Entheus. Make clear the passage to Sibylla's sight,
Who with her trophy comes to crown this
night ;
And, as herself with music shall be led,
So shall she pull on with a golden thread
A high vast obelisk, dedicate to Fame,
Which immortality itself did frame. }

SONGS OF THE LORDS MASQUE 211

Raise high your voices now ; like trumpets
fill
The room with sounds of triumph, sweet and
shrill.

A Song.

Come triumphing, come with state,
Old Sibylla, reverend dame ;
Thou keep'st the secret key of fate,
Preventing swiftest Fame.
This night breathe only words of joy,
And speak them plain, now be not coy.

Sibylla.

*Debetur alto jure principium Jovi,
Votis det ipse vini meis, dictis fidem.
Utrinque decoris splendet egregium jubar ;
Medio triumphus mole stat dignus sua,
Cælumque summo capite dilectum petit.
Quam pulchra pulchro sponsa respondet viro !
Quam plena numinis ! Patrem vultu exprimit,
Parens futura masculae prolis, parens
Regum, imperatorum. Additur Germaniae
Robur Britannicum : ecquid esse par potest ?
Utramque junget una mens gentem, fides,
Disque cultus unus, et simplex amor.
Idem erit utrique hostis, sodalis idem, idem
Votum periclitantium, atque eadem manus.
Favebit illis pax, favebit bellica
Fortuna, semper aderit adjutor Deus.*

212 DESCRIPTION, SPEECHES, AND

*Sic, sic Sibylla; vocibus nec his deest
Pondus, nec hoc inane monumentum trahit.
Et aureum est, et quale nec flammæ timet,
Nec fulgura, ipsi quippe sacratæ Jovi.*

Pro. The good old sage is silenced, her free tongue
That made such melody, is now unstrung :
Then grace her trophy with a dance triumphant ;
Where Orpheus is none can fit music want.

A song and dance triumphant of the masquers.

I

Dance, dance ! and visit now the shadows of our joy,
All in height, and pleasing state, your changed forms
employ.
And as the bird of Jove salutes with lofty wing the
morn,
So mount, so fly, these trophies to adorn.
Grace them with all the sounds and motions of
delight,
Since all the earth cannot express a lovelier sight.
View them with triumph, and in shades the truth
adore :
No pomp or sacrifice can please Jove's greatness
more.

2

Turn, turn ! and honour now the life these figures
bear :
Lo, how heav'nly natures far above all art appear !

monumentum. Old ed. "momumentum."

SONGS OF THE LORDS' MASQUE 213

Let their aspects revive in you the fire that shined so late,
Still mount and still retain your heavenly state.
Gods were with dance and with music served of old.
Those happy days derived their glorious style from gold :
This pair, by Hymen joined, grace you with measures then,
Since they are both divine and you are more than men.

Orph. Let here Sibylla's trophy stand,
Lead her now by either hand,
That she may approach yet nearer,
And the bride and bridegroom hear her
Bless them in her native tongue,
Wherein old prophecies she sung,
Which time to light hath brought.
She speaks that which Jove hath taught :
Well may he inspire her now,
To make a joyful and true vow.

Sib. *Sponsam sponse toro tene pudicam,
Sponsum sponsa tene toro pudicum.
Non haec unica nox datur beatis,
At vos perpetuo haec beabit una
Prole multiplici, parique amore.
Laeta ac vera refert Sibylla ; ab alto
Ipse Juppiter annuit loquenti.*

Pro. So be it ever, joy and peace,
And mutual love give you increase,
That your posterity may grow
In fame, as long as seas do flow.

214 *LORDS MASQUE DESCRIPTION, ETC.*

Entk. Live you long to see your joys,
In fair nymphs and princely boys ;
Breeding like the garden flowers,
Which kind heav'n draws with her warm
showers.

Orph. Enough of blessing, though too much
Never can be said to such ;
But night doth waste, and Hymen chides,
Kind to bridegrooms and to brides.
Then, singing, the last dance induce,
So let good night present excuse.

The Song.

No longer wrong the night
Of her Hymenæan right ;
A thousand Cupids call away,
Fearing the approaching day ;
The cocks already crow :
Dance then and go !

*The last new dance of the masquers, which concludes
all with a lively strain at their going out.*

FINIS.

*The description of a Maske: presented in the
Banqueting roome at Whitehall, on Saint Stephens
night last, At the Mariage of the Right Honourable
the Earle of Somerset: And the right noble the Lady
Frances Howard. Written by Thomas Campion.
Whereunto are annexed diuers choice Ayres composed
for this Maske that may be sung with a single voyce
to the Lute or Base-Viall. London Printed by E. A.
for Laurence Li'sle, dwelling in Paules Church-yard,
at the signe of the Tygers head. 1614. 4to.*

The ill-omened marriage of Robert Carr, Earl of Somerset, with the divorced wife of the Earl of Essex was celebrated at Whitehall, 26 December, 1613, in the presence of the King, Queen, Prince Charles, and many nobles and bishops. Campion's masque was worthy of a better occasion. Chamberlain's account of the reception of the masque is by no means flattering. In a letter to Mrs. Alice Carleton, sister to Sir Dudley Carleton, he writes: "I hear little or no commendation of the masque made by the Lords that night, either for device or dancing, only it was rich and costly" (Nichols' "Progresses of James I.," ii. 725). He had given the same unfavourable report about the masque that Campion prepared for the Princess Elizabeth's marriage.

*Pulchro pulchra datur sociali federe; amanti
Tandem nubit amans; ecquid amabilis?*

*Vere ut sup̄ rsint nuptiæ
Præite duplici face:
Prætendat alteram necesse
Hymen, alteram par est Amor.*

*Uni ego mallet placuisse docto,
Candido, et fastu sine judicanti,
Millium quam millibus imperitorum
Inque videntium.*

Vere ut supersint, etc.] The same sentiment is more neatly and metrically expressed in Campion's first book of Latin Epigrams (No. 68):—

*"De Nuptiis
Rite ut celebres nuptias,
Dupla tibi face est opus;
Prætendat unum Hymen necesse,
At alteram par est Amor."*

The description of a Masque, presented in the Banqueting room at Whitehall, on St. Stephen's night last: At the Marriage of the right Honourable the Earl of Somerset, and the right noble the Lady Frances Howard.

IN ancient times, when any man sought to shadow or heighten his invention, he had store of feigned persons ready for his purpose, as satyrs, nymphs, and their like : such were then in request and belief among the vulgar. But in our days, although they have not utterly lost their use, yet find they so little credit, that our modern writers have rather transferred their fictions to the persons of enchanters and commanders of spirits, as that excellent poet Torquato Tasso hath done, and many others.

In imitation of them (having a presentation in hand for persons of high state) I grounded my whole invention upon enchantments and several transformations. The workmanship whereof was undertaken by M. Constantine, an Italian, architect to our late Prince Henry : but he being too much of himself, and no way to be drawn to impart his intentions, failed so far in the assurance he gave that the main invention, even at the last cast, was of force drawn into a far narrower compass than was from the beginning intended : the description whereof, as it was performed, I will as briefly as I can deliver. The place wherein the masque was presented being the Banqueting house at Whitehall : the upper part, where the state is placed, was theatred with pillars, scaffolds, and all

things answerable to the sides of the room. At the lower end of the hall, before the scene, was made an arch triumphal, passing beautiful, which enclosed the whole works. The scene itself (the curtain being drawn) was in this manner divided.

On the upper part there was formed a sky with clouds very artificially shadowed. On either side of the scene below was set a high promontory, and on either of them stood three large pillars of gold: the one promontory was bounded with a rock standing in the sea, the other with a wood. In the midst between them appeared a sea in perspective with ships, some cunningly painted, some artificially sailing. On the front of the scene, on either side, was a beautiful garden, with six seats apiece to receive the masquers: behind them the main land, and in the midst a pair of stairs made exceeding curiously in the form of a scallop shell. And in this manner was the eye first of all entertained. After the King, Queen, and Prince were placed, and preparation was made for the beginning of the masque, there entered four Squires, who as soon as they approached near the presence, humbly bowing themselves, spake as followeth.

The first Squire.

That fruit that neither dreads the Syrian heats,
Nor the sharp frosts which churlish Boreas threats,
The fruit of peace and joy our wishes bring
To this high state, in a perpetual spring.
Then pardon (sacred majesty) our grief
Unreasonably that presseth for relief.

THE DESCRIPTION OF A MASQUE 219

The ground whereof (if your blest ears can spare
A short space of attention) we'll declare.
Great Honour's herald, Fame, having proclaimed
This nuptial feast, and with it all enflamed,
From every quarter of the earth twelve knights
(In courtship seen, as well as martial fights)
Assembled in the continent, and there
Decreed this night a solemn service here.
For which, by six and six embarked they were
In several keels ; their sails for Britain bent.
But (they that never favoured good intent)
Deformed Error, that enchanting fiend,
And wing-tongued Rumour, his infernal friend,
With Curiosity and Credulity,
Both sorceresses, all in hate agree
Our purpose to divert ; in vain they strive,
For we in spite of them came near t'arrive,
When suddenly (as heaven and hell had met)
A storm confused against our tackle beat,
Severing the ships : but after what befel
Let these relate, my tongue's too weak to tell.

The second Squire.

A strange and sad ostent our knights distrest ;
For while the tempest's fiery rage increased,
About our decks and hatches, lo, appear
Serpents, as Lerna had been poured out there,
Crawling about us ; which fear to eschew,
The knights the tackle climbed, and hung in view,

twelve. Old ed. " three."

THE DESCRIPTION OF A MASQUE

When violently a heat of lightning came,
And from our sights did bear them in the flame :
Which past, no serpent there was to be seen,
And all was trusted, as storm had never been.

The First Spectacle.

All men their machines drew, but ours at hand,
For being by chance moved, while our knights stand
To view their sworn-out friends on two cliffs near.
Thence all they vanished, and six pillars were
Fixed in their footsteps : pillars all of gold,
Fair to our eyes, but useful to behold.

The Fourth Spectacle.

Thus with prodigious hate and cruelty,
Our good knights for their love afflicted be :
But O, protect us now, majestic grace,
For see, those cursed enchanters press in place
That our past sorrows wrought : these, these alone
Turn all the world into confusion.

Towards the end of this speech, two enchanters,
and two enchantresses appear : Error first, in a skin
coat scaled like a serpent, and an antic habit painted
with snakes, a hair of curled snakes, and a deformed
vizard. With him Rumour in a skin coat full of
winged tongues, and over it an antic robe ; on his head
a cap like a tongue, with a large pair of wings to it.

Curiosity in a skin coat full of eyes, and an antic
habit over it, a fantastic cap full of eyes.

Credulity in the like habit painted with ears, and an
antic cap full of ears.

THE DESCRIPTION OF A MASQUE 221

When they had whispered awhile as if they had rejoiced at the wrongs which they had done to the knights, the music and their dance began : straight forth rushed the four Winds confusedly.

The Eastern Wind in a skin coat of the colour of the sun-rising, with a yellow hair, and wings both on his shoulders and feet.

The Western Wind in a skin coat of dark crimson, with crimson hair and wings.

The Southern Wind in a dark russet skin coat, hair and wings suitable.

The Northern Wind in a grisled skin coat, with hair and wings accordingly.

After them in confusion came the four Elements :

Earth, in a skin coat of grass green, a mantle painted full of trees, plants and flowers, and on his head an oak growing.

Water, in a skin coat waved, with a mantle full of fishes, on his head a dolphin.

Air, in a sky-coloured skin coat, with a mantle painted with fowl, and on his head an eagle.

Fire, in a skin coat, and a mantle painted with flames, on his head a cap of flames, with a salamander in the midst thereof.

Then entered the four parts of the earth in a confused measure.

Europe in the habit of an empress, with an imperial crown on her head.

Asia in a Persian lady's habit, with a crown on her head.

Africa like a queen of the Moors, with a crown.

222 THE DESCRIPTION OF A MASQUE

America in a skin coat of the colour of the juice of mulberries, on her head large round bunches of many-coloured feathers, and in the midst of it a small crown.

All these having danced together in a strange kind of confusion, passed away, by four and four.

At which time, Eternity appeared in a long blue taffeta robe, painted with stars, and on her head a crown.

Next, came the three Destinies, in long robes of white taffeta like aged women, with garlands of Narcissus flowers in their heads; and in their left hands they carried distaffs according to the descriptions of Plato and Catullus, but in their right hands they carried altogether a tree of gold.

After them, came Harmony with nine musicians more, in long taffeta robes and caps of tinsel, with garlands gilt, playing and singing this song.

Chorus.

Vanish, vanish hence, confusion!

Dim not Hymen's golden light

With false illusion.

The Fates shall do him right,

And fair Eternity,

Who pass through all enchantments free.

Eternity sings alone.

Bring away this sacred tree,

The tree of grace and beauty,

Set it in Bel-And's eye.

For she, she, only she

Can all knotted spells untie.

THE DESCRIPTION OF A MASQUE 223

*Pulled from the stock, let her blest hands convey
To any suppliant hand a bough,
And let that hand advance it now
Against a charm, that charm shall fade away.*

Toward the end of this song the three Destinies set
the tree of gold before the Queen.

Chorus.

*Since knightly valour rescues dames distressed,
By virtuous dames let charmed knights be released.*

After this Chorus, one of the Squires speaks.

Since knights by valour rescue dames distressed,
Let them be by the Queen of Dames released.
So sing the Destinies, who never err,
Fixing this tree of grace and bounty here,
From which for our enchanted knights we crave
A branch, pulled by your sacred hand, to have ;
That we may bear it as the Fates direct,
And manifest your glory in th' effect.
In virtue's favour then, and pity now,
(Great Queen) vouchsafe us a divine touched bough.

At the end of this speech, the Queen pulled a
branch from the tree and gave it to a nobleman, who
delivered it to one of the squires.

A song while the Squires descend with the bough
toward the scene.

*Go, happy man, like th' evening star
Whose beams to bridegrooms welcome are :*

224 THE DESCRIPTION OF A MASQUE

*May neither hag, nor fiend withstand
The power of thy victorious hand.
The uncharmed knights surrender now,
By virtue of thy raised bough.*

*Away, enchantment! vanish force,
No more delay our dancing hours:
'Tis fruitless to contend with Fate,
Who gives us power against your hate.
Brave knights, in courtly pomp appear.
For now are you long sought-for here.*

Then out of the air a cloud descends, discovering six of the knights alike, in strange and sumptuous attires, and withall on either side of the cloud, on the two promontories, the other six masquers are suddenly transformed out of the pillars of gold; at which time, while they all come forward to the dancing-place, this chorus is sung, and on the sudden the whole scene is changed: for whereas before all seemed to be done at the sea and sea coast, now the promontories are suddenly removed, and London with the Thames is very artificially presented in their place.

The Squire lifts up the bough.

Chorus.

*Virtue and grace, in spite of charms,
Have now redeemed our men-at-arms,
There's no enchantment can withstand,
Where Fate directs the happy hand.*



THE DESCRIPTION OF A MASQUE 225

The masquers' first dance.

The third song of three parts, with a chorus of five parts, sung after the first dance.

*While dancing rests, fit place to music granting,
Good spells the Fates shall breathe, all envy daunting,
Kind ears with joy enchanting, chanting.*

Chorus.

Io, Io Hymen !

*Like looks, like hearts, like loves are linked together :
So must the Fates be pleased, so come they hether,
To make this joy persever, ever.*

Chorus.

Io, Io Hymen !

*Love decks the spring, her buds to th' air exposing
Such fire here in these bridal breasts reposing,
We leave with charms enclosing, closing.*

Chorus.

Io, Io Hymen !

The masquers' second dance.

The 'fourth' song, a dialogue of three, with a chorus after the second dance.

1. *Let us now sing of Love's delight,
For he alone is lord to-night.*
2. *Some friendship between man and man prefer,
But I th' affection between man and wife.*
3. *What good can be in life,
Whereof no fruits appear ?*

hether] I keep the old spelling ("hether" for "hither") for the sake of the rhyme.

38. THE COMPLETION OF A MASQUE

1. *Let us sing the last of our*
The good wishes that we bring
2. *Here we wish everyone to*
And to all good wishes

CHORUS

*The pleasure of it all was wonderful and grand,
The time we spent in the dance a happy, joyous band.*

After this dialogue the masquers danced with the ladies, wherein spending as much time as they held fitting, they retired to the seats provided for them.

Scarcely as the Thames appeared four barges with skippers in them, and withal this song was sung.

*Come aboard, and merry make,
With your wands lead the pace:
Dance us to the light,
Ever to the light,
Now, to your last-born golden bowl,
Quench these lights, and make all dwell,
Some sleep: others let her tell:
And is good-night to all, good-night to all.*

At the conclusion of this song arrived twelve skippers in red caps, with short cassocks and long flops wide at the knees, of white canvas striped with crimson, white gloves and pumps, and red stockings: these twelve danced a brave and lively dance, shouting and triumphing after their manner.

After this followed the masquers' last dance, where-with they retired.

THE DESCRIPTION OF A MASQUE 227

At the embarking of the Knights, the Squires
approach the state and speak.

The first Squire.

All that was ever asked, by vow of Jove,
To bless a state with, plenty, honour, love,
Power, triumph, private pleasure, public peace,
Sweet springs, and Autumns filled with due increase,
All these, and what good else thought can supply,
Ever attend your triple majesty.

The second Squire.

All blessings which the Fates prophetic sung
At Peleus' nuptials, and whatever tongue
Can figure more this night, and aye betide
The honoured bridegroom and the honoured bride.

All the Squires together.

Thus speaks in us th' affection of our knights,
Wishing your health, and myriads of good nights.

The squires' speeches being ended, this song is sung
while the boats pass away.

*Haste aboard, haste now away !
Hymen frowns at your delay.
Hymen doth long nights affect ;
Yield him then his due respect.
The sea-born goddess straight will come,
Quench these lights, and make all dumb.*

222 THE DESCRIPTION OF A MASQUE

*Some say: what the sun is
And a good-night is a good-night is a*

FINIS.

[The Description is followed by *Ayres*, made by several Authors, &c., which has a distinct title-page. The *Ayres* are the four songs contained in the masque, with their musical notes. "Bring away this sacred tree" (p. 222) was "made and composed by Mr. Nathaniel Lane," an Italian musician who had settled in England. "Go, happy man" (p. 223), "While dancing rests" (page 224), and "Come ashore" (p. 225) were "composed by Mr. Copland and sung by Mr. John Allen, and Mr. Lane." After these songs a "song made by Th. Campion, and sung in the Lords' Masque at the Count Palatine's Marriage, we have here added, to fill up these empty pages." The song from the Lords' Masque is "Woe her and win her he that can" (p. 227). Then follows—

"The names of the masquers.

- | | |
|----------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1. The Duke of Lennox. | 7. The Lord Scroope. |
| 2. The Earl of Pembroke. | 8. The Lord North. |
| 3. The Earl of Dorset. | 9. The Lord Hayes. |
| 4. The Earl of Salisbury. | 10. Sir Thomas Howard. |
| 5. The Earl of Montgomery. | 11. Sir Henry Howard. |
| 6. The Lord Walden. | 12. Sir Charles Howard."] |

*Observations in the Art of English Poesie. By
Thomas Campion. Wherein it is demonstratiuely
prooued, and by example confirmed, that the English
toong will receiue eight seuerall kinds of numbers,
proper to it selfe, which are all in this booke set forth,
and were neuer before this time by any man attempted.
Printed at London by Richard Field for Andrew Wise.
1602. 8vo.*



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TO THE RIGHT NOBLE AND WORTHILY HONOURED,
THE LORD BUCKHURST, LORD HIGH
TREASURER OF ENGLAND.

IN two things (right honorable) it is generally agreed that man excels all other creatures, in reason and speech : and in them by how much one man surpasseth another, by so much the nearer he aspires to a celestial essence.

Poesy in all kind of speaking is the chief beginner and maintainer of eloquence, not only helping the ear with the acquaintance of sweet numbers, but also raising the mind to a more high and lofty conceit. For this end have I studied to induce a true form of versifying into our language : for the vulgar and unartificial custom of riming hath, I know, deterred many excellent wits from the exercise of English poesy. The observations which I have gathered for this purpose, I humbly present to your Lordship, as to the noblest judge of poesy, and the most honorable protector of all industrious learning ; which if your honour shall vouchsafe to receive, who both in your public and private poems have so divinely crowned your fame, what man will dare to repine or not strive to imitate them ? Wherefore with all humility I subject myself and them to your gracious favour beseech-

ing you in the nobleness of your mind to take in worth
so simple a present, which by some work drawn from
my more serious studies I will hereafter endeavour to
excuse.

Your Lordship's humbly devoted
THOMAS CAMPION.

THE WRITER TO HIS BOOK.

*Whither thus hastes my little book so fast ?
To Paul's Churchyard. What ? in those cells to stand,
With one leaf like a rider's cloak put up
To catch a termier ? or lie musty there
With rimes a term set out, or two, before ?
Some will redeem me. Few. Yes, read me too.
Fewer. Nay love me. Now thou doat'st, I see.
Will not our English Athens art defend ?
Perhaps. Will lofty courtly wits not aim
Still at perfection ? If I grant ? I fly.
Whither ? To Paul's. Alas, poor book, I rue
Thy rash self-love. Go, spread thy pap'ry wings ;
Thy lightness cannot help or hurt my fame.*

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OBSERVATIONS IN THE ART OF ENGLISH POESY,
BY THOMAS CAMPION.

The first Chapter, entreating of numbers in general.

THERE is no writing too brief that, without obscurity, comprehends the intent of the writer. These my late observations in English poesy I have thus briefly gathered, that they might prove the less troublesome in perusing, and the more apt to be retained in memory. And I will first generally handle the nature of numbers. Number is *discreta quantitas*; so that, when we speak simply of number, we intend only the dissevered quantity; but when we speak of a poem written in number, we consider not only the distinct number of the syllables, but also their value, which is contained in the length or shortness of their sound. As in music we do not say a strain of so many notes, but so many sem'briefs (though sometimes there are no more notes than sem'briefs), so in a verse the numeration of the syllables is not so much to be observed as their weight and due proportion. In joining of words to harmony there is nothing more offensive to the ear than to place a long syllable with a short note, or a short syllable with a long note, though in the last the vowel often bears it out. The world is made by symmetry and proportion, and is in that respect compared to music, and music to poetry: for Terence saith, speaking of poets, *artem qui*

PROVERB: MUSICUM. confounding music and poesy together. What music can there be where there is no proportion observed? Learning first flourished in Greece, from thence it was leaved unto the Romans, both diligent observers of the number, and quantity of syllables, not in their verses only, but likewise in their prose. Learning after the declining of the Roman Empire, and the pollution of their language through the conquest of the barbarians, lay most pitifully deformed, till the time of Erasmus, Rewcline, Sir Thomas More, and other learned men of that age, who brought the Latin tongue again to light, redeeming it with much labour out of the hands of the illiterate monks and friars: as a scoffing book, entituled *Epistole obscurorum virorum*, may sufficiently testify. In those lack-learning times, and in barbarized Italy, began that vulgar and easy kind of poesy which is now in use throughout most parts of Christendon, which we abusively call rime and metre, of *rithmus* and *metrum*, of which I will now discourse.

The second Chapter, declaring the unsaptness of rime in poesy.

I am not ignorant that whosoever shall by way of reprehension examine the imperfections of rime, must encounter with many glorious enemies, and those very expert, and ready at their weapon, that can, if need be, extempore (as they say) rime a man to death. Besides there is grown a kind of prescription in the use of rime, to forestall the right of true numbers, as also the consent of many nations, against all which it

may seem a thing almost impossible and vain to contend. All this and more can not yet deter me from a lawful defence of perfection, or make me any whit the sooner adhere to that which is lame and unbeseeing. For custom, I allege that ill uses are to be abolished, and that things naturally imperfect can not be perfected by use. Old customs, if they be better, why should they not be recalled? as the yet flourishing custom of numerous poesy used among the Romans and Grecians: but the unaptness of our tongues, and the difficulty of imitation disheartens us; again the facility and popularity of rime creates as many poets, as a hot summer flies. But let me now examine the nature of that which we call rime. By rime is understood that which ends in the like sound, so that verses in such manner composed, yield but a continual repetition of that rhetorical figure which we term *similiter desinentia*, and that being but *figura verbi*, ought (as Tully and all other rhetoricians have judicially observed) sparingly to be used, lest it should offend the ear with tedious affectation. Such was that absurd following of the letter amongst our English so much of late affected, but now hissed out of Paul's Churchyard: which foolish figurative repetition crept also into the Latin tongue, as it is manifest in the book of P^s called *praelia porcorum*, and another pamphlet all of F^s, which I have seen imprinted; but I will leave these follies to their own ruin, and return to the matter intended. The ear is a rational sense and a chief judge of proportion, but in our kind of riming what proportion is there kept, where there remains

such a confused inequality of syllables? Iambic and trochaic feet which are opposed by nature, are by all rimers confounded, nay oftentimes they place instead of an iambic the foot Pyrrichius, consisting of two short syllables, curtailing their verse, which they supply in reading with a ridiculous, and unapt drawing of their speech. As for example :

Was it my destiny, or dismal chance?

In this verse the two last syllables of the word *destiny*, being both short, and standing for a whole foot in the verse, cause the line to fall out shorter than it ought by nature. The like impure errors have in time of rudeness been used in the Latin tongue, as the *Carmina proverbialia* can witness, and many other such reverend bables. But the noble Grecians and Romans whose skilful monuments outlive barbarism, tied themselves to the strict observation of poetical numbers, so abandoning the childish titillation of riming, that it was imputed a great error to Ovid for setting forth this one riming verse,

Quot caelum stellas tot habet tua Roma puellas.

For the establishing of this argument what better confirmation can be had, than that of Sir Thomas More in his book of Epigrams, where he makes two sundry epitaphs upon the death of a singing-man at Westminster, the one in learned numbers and disliked, the other in rude rime and highly extolled : so that he concludes, *tales lactucas talia labra petunt*, like lips, like lettuce. But there is yet another fault in rime

altogether intolerable, which is, that it enforceth a man oftentimes to abjure his matter, and extend a short conceit beyond all bounds of art ; for in quatorzains, methinks, the poet handles his subject as tyrannically as Procrustes the thief his prisoners, whom when he had taken, he used to cast upon a bed, which if they were too short to fill, he would stretch them longer, if too long, he would cut them shorter. Bring before me now any the most self-loved rimer, and let me see if without blushing he be able to read his lame halting rimes. Is there not a curse of nature laid upon such rude poesy, when the writer is himself ashamed of it, and the hearers in contempt call it riming and ballating? What divine in his sermon, or grave counsellor in his oration, will allege the testimony of a rime? But the divinity of the Romans and Grecians was all written in verse ; and Aristotle, Galen, and the books of all the excellent philosophers are full of the testimonies of the old poets. By them was laid the foundation of all human wisdom, and from them the knowledge of all antiquity is derived. I will propound but one question, and so conclude this point. If the Italians, Frenchmen and Spaniards, that with commendation have written in rime, were demanded whether they had rather the books they have published (if their tongue would bear it) should remain as they are in rime, or be translated into the ancient numbers of the Greeks and Romans, would they not answer into numbers? What honour were it then for our English language to be the first that after so many years of barbarism could second the perfection of the indus-

trious Greeks and Romans? which how it may be effected I will now proceed to demonstrate.

The third Chapter, of our English numbers in general.

There are but three feet which generally distinguish the Greek and Latin verses : the dactyl, consisting of one long syllable and two short, as *vivĕrĕ*; the trochee, of one long and one short, as *vītā*; and the iambic of one short and one long, as *āmōr*. The spondee of two long, the tribrach of three short, the anapæstic of two short and a long, are but as servants to the first. Divers other feet, I know, are by the grammarians cited, but to little purpose. The heroical verse that is distinguished by the dactyl hath been oftentimes attempted in our English tongue, but with passing pitiful success; and no wonder, seeing it is an attempt altogether against the nature of our language. For both the concourse of our monosyllables make our verses unapt to slide; and also, if we examine our polysyllables, we shall find few of them, by reason of their heaviness, willing to serve in place of a dactyl. Thence it is, that the writers of English heroics do so often repeat *Anyntas*, *Olympus*, *Avernus*, *Erinnis*, and such-like borrowed words, to supply the defect of our hardly entreated dactyl. I could in this place set down many ridiculous kinds of dactyls which they use, but that it is not my purpose here to incite men to laughter. If we therefore reject the dactyl as unfit for our use (which of necessity we are enforced to do) there remain only the iambic foot, of which the iambic verse is framed, and the trochee from which the

trochaic numbers have their original. Let us now then examine the property of these two feet, and try if they consent with the nature of our English syllables. And first for the iambics, they fall out so naturally in our tongue, that if we examine our own writers, we shall find they unawares hit oftentimes upon the true iambic numbers, but always aim at them as far as their ear without the guidance of art can attain unto, as it shall hereafter more evidently appear. The trochaic foot, which is but an iambic turned over and over, must of force in like manner accord in proportion with our British syllables, and so produce an English trochaical verse. Then having these two principal kinds of verses, we may easily out of them derive other forms, as the Latins and Greeks before us have done : whereof I will make plain demonstration, beginning at the iambic verse.

The fourth Chapter, of the iambic verse.

I have observed, and so may any one that is either practised in singing, or hath a natural ear able to time a song, that the Latin verses of six feet, as the heroic and iambic, or of five feet as the trochaic, are in nature all of the same length of sound with our English verses of five feet ; for either of them, being timed with the hand *quinque perficiunt tempora*, they fill up the quantity (as it were) of five sem'briefs ; as for example, if any man will prove to time these verses with his hand.

A pure iambic.

Suis et ipsa Roma viribus ruit.

A licentiate iambic.

Ducunt volentes fata, nolentes trahunt.

An heroic verse.

Tityre, tu patula recubans sub tegmine fagi.

A trochaic verse.

Nox est perpetua una dormienda.

English iambs pure.

*The more securi, the more the stroke we feel
Of unprevented harms ; so gloomy storms
Appear the sterner if the day be clear.*

The English iambic licentiate.

Hark how these winds do murmur at thy flight.

The English trochee.

Still where envy leaves, remorse doth enter.

The cause why these verses differing in feet yield the same length of sound, is by reason of some rests which either the necessity of the numbers, or the heaviness of the syllables, do beget. For we find in music that oftentimes the strains of a song cannot be reduced to true number without some rests prefixed in the beginning and middle, as also at the close if need requires. Besides, our English monosyllables enforce many breathings which no doubt greatly lengthen a verse, so that it is no wonder if for these reasons our English verses of five feet hold pace with the Latins of six. The pure iambic in English needs small demonstration,

because it consists simply of iambic feet, but our iambic licentiate offers itself to a farther consideration ; for in the third and fifth place we must of force hold the iambic foot ; in the first, second, and fourth place we may use a spondee or iambic and sometime a tribrach or dactyl, but rarely an anapæstic foot, and that in the second or fourth place. But why an iambic in the third place ? I answer, that the forepart of the verse may the gentlier slide into his dimetre, as for example sake divide this verse :

Hark how these winds do murmur at thy flight.

Hark how these winds, there the voice naturally affects a rest ; then *murmur at thy flight*, that is of itself a perfect number, as I will declare in the next chapter ; and therefore the other odd syllable between them ought to be short, lest the verse should hang too much between the natural pause of the verse, and the dimetre following : the which dimetre, though it be naturally trochaical, yet it seems to have his original out of the iambic verse. But the better to confirm and express these rules, I will set down a short poem in licentiate iambics, which may give more light to them that shall hereafter imitate these numbers.

*Go, numbers, boldly pass, stay not for aid
Of shifting rime, that easy flatterer,
Whose witchcraft can the ruder ears beguile ;
Let your smooth feet, inured to purer art,
True measures tread. What if your pace be slow,
And hops not like the Grecian elegies ?*

*It is yet graceful, and well fits the state
 Of words ill-breathed and not shaped to run.
 Go then, but slowly, till your steps be firm ;
 Tell them that pity, or perversely scorn,
 Poor English poesy as the slave to rime,
 You are those lofty numbers that revive
 Triumphs of princes, and stern tragedies :
 And learn henceforth t'attend those happy sprites
 Whose bounding fury height and weight affects.
 Assist their labour, and sit close to them,
 Never to part away till for desert
 Their brows with great Apollo's bays are hid.
 He first taught number and true harmony,
 Nor is the laurel his for rime bequeathed ;
 Call him with numerous accents paied by art,
 He'll turn his glory from the sunny climes
 The North-bred wits alone to patronise :
 Let France their Bargas, Italy Tasso praise ;
 Phæbus shuns none but in their flight from him.*

Though, as I said before, the natural breathing-place of our English iambic verse is in the last syllable of the second foot, as our trochee after the manner of the Latin heroic and iambic rests naturally in the first of the third foot ; yet no man is tied altogether to observe this rule, but he may alter it, after the judgment of his ear, which poets, orators, and musicans of all men ought to have most excellent. Again, though I said peremptorily before, that the third, and fifth place of our licentiate iambic must always hold an iambic foot, yet I will shew you example in both places

where a tribrach may be very formally taken, and first in the third place :

Some trade in Barbary, some in Turkey trade.

Another example :

Men that do fall to misery, quickly fall.

If you doubt whether the first of *misery* be naturally short or no, you may judge it by the easy sliding of these two verses following.

The first :

Whom misery cannot alter, time devours.

The second :

What more unhappy life, what misery more ?

Example of the tribrach in the fifth place, as you may perceive in the last foot of the fourth verse :

*Some from the starry throne his fame derives,
Some from the mines beneath, from trees or herbs :
Each hath his glory, each his sundry gift,
Renowned in every art there lives not any.*

To proceed farther, I see no reason why the English iambic in his first place may not as well borrow a foot of the trochee as our trochee, or the Latin hendecasyllable, may in the like case make bold with the iambic : but it must be done ever with this caveat, which is, that a spondee, dactyl, or tribrach do supply the next place : for an iambic beginning with a single

fourth. Old ed. "fift."

short syllable, and the other ending before with the like, would too much drink up the verse if they came immediately together.

The example of the spondee after the trochee :

As the fair sun the lightsome heav'n adorns.

The example of the dactyl.

Noble, ingenious, and discreetly wise.

The example of the tribrach.

Beauty to jealousy brings joy, sorrow, fear.

Though I have set down these second licenses as good and airable enough, yet for the most part my first rules are general.

These are those numbers which nature in our English destines to the tragic and heroic poem : for the subject of them both being all one, I see no impediment why one verse may not serve for them both, as it appears more plainly in the old comparison of the two Greek writers, when they say, *Homerus est Sophocles heroicus*, and again, *Sophocles est Homerus tragicus*, intimating that both Sophocles and Homer are the same in height and subject, and differ only in the kind of their numbers.

The iambic verse in like manner being yet made a little more licentiate, that it may thereby the nearer serve for comedies, and then may we use a spondee in the fifth place, and in the third place any foot except a trochee, which never enters into our iambic

verse but in the first place, and then with his caveat of the other feet which must of necessity follow.

The fifth Chapter, of the iambic dimetre, or English march.

The dimetre (so called in the former chapter) I intend next of all to handle, because it seems to be a part of the iambic, which is our most natural and ancient English verse. We may term this our English march, because the verse answers our warlike form of march in similitude of number. But call it what you please, for I will not wrangle about names, only intending to set down the nature of it and true structure. It consists of two feet and one odd syllable. The first foot may be made either a trochee, or a spondee, or an iambic at the pleasure of the composer, though most naturally that place affects a trochee or spondee; yet by the example of Catullus in his hendecasyllables, I add in the first place sometimes an iambic foot. In the second place we must ever insert a trochee or tribrach, and so leave the last syllable (as in the end of a verse it is always held) common. Of this kind I will subscribe three examples, the first being a piece of chorus in a tragedy.

*Raving war, begot
In the thirsty sands
Of the Libyan Isles,
Wastes our empty fields;
What the greedy rage
Of fell wintry storms*

Could not turn to spoil,
 Fierce Bellona now
 Hath laid desolate,
 Void of fruit, or hope.
 Th' eager thrifty hind,
 Whose rude toil revived
 Our sky-blasted earth,
 Himself is but earth,
 Left a scorn to fate
 Through seditious arms :
 And that soil, alive
 Which he duly nurst,
 Which him duly fed,
 Dead his body feeds :
 Yet not all the glebe
 His tough hands manured
 Now one turf affords
 His poor funeral.
 Thus still needy lives,
 Thus still needy dies
 Th' unknown multitude.

An example lyrical.

Greatest in thy wars,
 Greater in thy peace,
 Dread Elizabeth ;
 Our muse only truth.
 Figments cannot use,
 Thy rich name to deck
 That itself adorns :

*But should now this age
Let all poesy feign,
Feigning poesy could
Nothing feign at all
Worthy half thy fame.*

An example epigrammatical.

*Kind in every kind
This, dear Ned, resolve.
Never of thy praise
Be too prodigal ;
He that praiseth all
Can praise truly none.*

The sixth Chapter, of the English trochaic verse.

Next in course to be entreated of is the English trochaic, being a verse simple, and of itself depending. It consists, as the Latin trochaic of five feet, the first whereof may be a trochee, a spondee, or an iambic, the other four of necessity all trochees, still holding this rule authentical, that the last syllable of a verse is always common. The spirit of this verse most of all delights in epigrams, but it may be diversely used, as shall hereafter be declared. I have written divers light poems in this kind, which for the better satisfaction of the reader, I thought convenient here in way of example to publish. In which though sometimes under a known name I have shadowed a feigned conceit, yet is it done without reference, or offence to any person, and only to make the style appear the more English.

The first Epigram.

*Locky spit: spout, the vacuum he calls it,
 But no drop: through fifteen orgees, he straineth
 From his thirsty jaws, yet all the morning
 And all day he spits, in every corner;
 At his meals he spits, at every meeting;
 At the bar he spits before the fathers;
 In the court he spits before the graces;
 In the church he spits, thus all profaning
 With that rude disease, that empty spitting:
 Yet no cure he spurs, he sees the doctors,
 Keeps a strict diet, precisely useth
 Drinks and bath: drying, yet all prevails not.
 'Tis not China (Locky), Salsa Guaiacum,
 Nor dry Sassafras: can help, or ease thee;
 'Tis no humour hurts, it is thy humour.*

The second Epigram.

*Cease, fond wretch, to love, so oft deluded,
 Still made rich with hopes, still unrelieved.
 Now fly her delays; she that debateth
 Feels not true desire; he that, deferred,
 Others' times attends, his own betrayeth:
 Learn to affect thyself, thy cheeks deformed
 With pale care revive by timely pleasure,
 Or with scarlet heat them, or by paintings
 Make thee lovely; for such art she useth
 Whom in vain so long thy folly loved.*

The third Epigram.

*Kate can fancy only beardless husbands,
That's the cause she shakes off ev'ry suitor,
That's the cause she lives so stale a virgin,
For before her heart can heat her answer,
Her smooth youths she finds all hugely bearded.*

The fourth Epigram.

*All in satin Oteny will be suited,
Beaten satin (as by chance he calls it) ;
Oteny sure will have the bastinado.*

The fifth Epigram.

*Toasts as snakes or as the mortal henbane
Hunks detests when huffcap ale he tipples,
Yet the bread he grants the fumes abateth :
Therefore apt in ale : true, and he grants it ;
But it drinks up ale : that Hunks detesteth.*

The sixth Epigram.

*What though Harry brags, let him be noble ;
Noble Harry hath not half a noble.*

The seventh Epigram.

*Phæbe, all the rights Elisa claimeth,
Mighty rival, in this only diff'ring
That she's only true, thou only feigned.*

The eighth Epigram.

*Barnzy stiffly vows that he's no cuckold,
Yet the vulgar ev'rywhere salutes him*

84 *ISOLATION IN THE AIR*

*With strange eyes of mine, from my tower:
 Whence it is come, a heavy stain
 Still, however we stir, yet it is visible
 But that Harry knows that in Macdonald
 Learning him with Harry plays the monster;
 Knows it's my secret, and by guile,
 Only says of him it, that it is for ever
 May stand true for him, yet it is no accident:
 And it is true, for Harry says Macdonald,
 Father: Harry, and relate in incident,
 Says the truth, and says the truth,
 Pays the more, every charge intruding,
 And that truly plays Macdonald: incident
 Is that Harry now knows a cipher
 And himself the adult res of Macdonald.
 Much not him with mine, the case is altered;
 Harry now: the wrong, is proved the accident.*

The ninth Epigram.

*Butt loce: fat want:, fat ale, fat all things.
 Keeps fat whores, fat officers, yet all men
 Him fat only wish to feast the gallows.*

The tenth Epigram.

*Smith, by suit divorced, the known adult res
 Freshly weds again; what ails the mad-cap
 By this fury? ed'n so thieves by frailty
 Of their hemp reserved, again the dismal
 Tree embrace, again the fatal halter.*

The eleventh Epigram.

*His late loss the wiveless Higs in order
Ev'rywhere bewails to friends, to strangers ;
Tells them how by night a youngster armed
Sought his wife (as hand in hand he held her)
With drawn sword to force ; she cried, he mainly
Roaring ran for aid, but (ah), returning,
Fled was with the prize the beauty-forcer,
Whom in vain he seeks, he threats, he follows.
Changed is Helen, Helen hugs the stranger
Safe as Paris in the Greek triumphing.
Therewith his reports to tears he turneth,
Pierced through with the lovely dame's remembrance
Straight he sighs, he raves, his hair he teareth,
Forcing pity still by fresh lamenting.
Cease, unworthy, worthy of thy fortunes.
Thou that couldst so fair a prize deliver,
For fear unregarded, undefended,
Hadst no heart, I think ; I know, no liver.*

The twelfth Epigram.

*Why droopst thou, Trefeild ? will Hurst the banker
Make dice of thy bones ? by heav'n he cannot.
Cannot ? What's the reason ? I'll declare it,
They're all grown so pocky and so rotten.*

The seventh Chapter, of the English elegiac verse.

The elegiac verses challenge the next place, as being of all compound verses the simplest. They are derived out of our own natural numbers as near the

imitation of the Greeks and Latins as our heavy syllables will permit. The first verse is a mere Iambic pentameter; the second is framed of two mixed dimeters. In the first dimeter we are tied to make the first foot either a trochee or a spondee, the second a trochee and the odd syllable of it always long. The second dimeter consists of two trochees (because it requires more swiftness than the first) and an odd syllable, which being last, is ever common. I will give you example both of elegy and epigram, in this kind.

An Elegy.

*Constant to none, but ever false to me,
 Traitor still to Love through thy faint desires,
 Not hope of pity now nor vain redress
 Turns my griefs to tears and renewed laments.
 Too well thy empty vows and hollow thoughts
 Witness both thy wrongs and remorseless heart.
 Rue not my sorrow, but blush at my name,
 Let thy bloody cheeks guilty thoughts betray.
 My flames did truly burn, thine made a show,
 As fires painted are which no heat retain,
 Or as the glossy pyroph seigns to blaze,
 But, touched, cold appears, and an earthy stone.
 True colours deck thy cheeks, false foils thy breast,
 Frailer than thy light beauty is thy mind.
 None canst thou long refuse, nor long affect,
 But turn'st fear with hopes, sorrow with delight,
 Delaying, and deluding ev'ry way
 Those whose eyes are once with thy beauty chained.*

*Thrice happy man that ent'ring first thy love,
Can so guide the straight reins of his desires,
That both he can regard thee, and refrain :
If graced firm he stands, if not, eas'ly falls.*

Example of Epigrams, in elegiac verse.

The first Epigram.

*Arthur brooks only those that brook not him,
Those he most regards, and devoutly serves :
But them that grace him his great brav'ry scorns,
Counting kindness all duty, not desert :
Arthur wants forty pounds, tries ev'ry friend,
But finds none that holds twenty due for him.*

The second Epigram.

*If fancy cannot err which virtue guides,
In thee, Laura, then fancy cannot err.*

The third Epigram.

*Drue feasts no Puritans ; the churls, he saith,
Thank no men, but eat, praise God, and depart.*

The fourth Epigram.

*A wise man wary lives, yet most secure,
Sorrows move not him greatly, nor delights.
Fortune and death he scorning, only makes
Th' earth his sober inn, but still heav'n his home.*

The fifth Epigram.

*Thou tell'st me, Barnzy, Dawson hath a wife :
Thine he hath, I grant ; Dawson hath a wife.*

tries. Old ed. "tyres."

The sixth Epigram.

*Drue gives thee money, yet thou thank'st not him,
But thank'st God for him, like a godly man.
Suppose, rude Puritan, thou begst of him,
And he saith "God help!" who's the godly man?*

The seventh Epigram.

*All wonders Barnsy speaks, all grossly feigned:
Speak some wonder once, Barnsy; speak the truth.*

The eighth Epigram.

*None then should through thy beauty, Laura, pine,
Might sweet words alone ease a love-sick heart:
But your sweet words alone, that quit so well
Hope of friendly deeds, kill the love-sick heart.*

The ninth Epigram.

*At all thou frankiy throw'st, while Frank, thy wife,
Bars not Luke the main; Oteny, bar the bye.*

The eighth Chapter, of ditties and odes.

To descend orderly from the more simple numbers to them that are more compounded, it is now time to handle such verses as are fit for ditties or odes; which we may call lyrical, because they are apt to be sung to an instrument, if they were adorned with convenient notes. Of that kind I will demonstrate three in this chapter, and in the first we will proceed after the manner of the Sapphic, which is a trochaical verse as well as the hendecasyllable in Latin. The

first three verses therefore in our English Sapphic are merely those trochaics which I handled in the sixth chapter, excepting only that the first foot of either of them must ever of necessity be a spondee to make the number more grave. The fourth and last closing verse is compounded of three trochees together, to give a more smooth farewell, as you may easily observe in this poem made upon a triumph at Whitehall, whose glory was dashed with an unwelcome shower, hindering the people from the desired sight of her Majesty.

The English Sapphic.

*Faith's pure shield, the Christian Diana,
England's glory crowned with all divineness,
Live long with triumphs to bless thy people*

At thy sight triumphing.

*Lo, they sound; the knights, in order armed,
En'ring threat the list, addressed to combat
For their courtly loves; he, he's the wonder*

Whom Elisa graceth.

*Their plumed pomp the vulgar heaps detaineth,
And rough steeds: let us the still devices
Close observe, the speeches and the musics*

Peaceful arms adorning.

*But whence show'rs so fast this angry tempest,
Clouding dim the place? behold, Elisa
This day shines not here! this heard, the lances
And thick heads do vanish.*

The second kind consists of dimetre, whose first foot may either be a spondee or a trochee. The two verses following are both of them trochaical, and consist of four feet, the first of either of them being a spondee or trochee, the other three only trochees. The fourth and last verse is made of two trochees. The number is volable and fit to express any amorous conceit.

The example.

*Rose-cheeked Laura, come ;
Sing thou smoothly with thy beauty's
Silent music, either other
 Sweetly gracing,
Lovely forms do flow
From concert divinely framed ;
Heav'n is music, and thy beauty's
 Birth is heavenly.
These dull notes we sing
Discords need for helps to grace them,
Only beauty purely loving
 Knows no discord,
But still moves delight,
Like clear springs renewed by flowing,
Ever perfect, ever in them-
 selves eternal.*

The third kind begins as the second kind ended, with a verse consisting of two trochee feet ; and then, as the second kind had in the middle two trochaic verses of four feet, so this hath three of the same nature,

and ends in a dimetre as the second begun. The dimetre may allow in the first place a trochee or a spondee, but no iambic.

The example.

*Just beguiler,
Kindest love, yet only chastest,
Royal in thy smooth denials,
Frowning or demurely smiling,
Still my pure delight.*

*Let me view thee
With thoughts and with eyes affected,
And if then the flames do murmur,
Quench them with thy virtue, charm them
With thy stormy brows.*

*Heav'n so cheerful
Laughs not ever, hoary winter
Knows his season ; ev'n the freshest
Summer morns from angry thunder
Yet not still secure.*

The ninth Chapter, of the Anacreontic verse.

If any shall demand the reason why this number being in itself simple, is placed after so many compounded numbers, I answer, because I hold it a number too licentiate for a higher place, and in respect of the rest imperfect, yet is it passing graceful in our English tongue, and will excellently fit the subject of a madrigal, or any other lofty or tragical matter. It

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consists of two feet, the first may be either a spondee or trochee, the other must ever represent the nature of a trochee, as for example :

*Follow, follow,
 Though with unwilling
 Armed, the whirlwind
 Now the first thee ;
 Time can conquer
 Love's unkindness ;
 Love can alter
 Time's injuries :
 Till death find not
 Then, but follow.
 Could I catch that
 Nimble traitor
 Scornful Laura,
 Swift-foot Laura,
 Soon then would I
 Seek avengement.
 What's th' avengement ?
 Ev'n submissly
 Prostrate then to
 Beg for mercy.*

Thus have I briefly described eight several kinds of English numbers simple or compound. The first was our iambic pure and licentiate. The second, that which I call our dimetre, being derived either from the end of our iambic, or from the beginning of our trochaic. The third which I delivered was our English

trochaic verse. The fourth our English elegiac. The fifth, sixth, and seventh, were our English Sapphic and two other lyrical numbers, the one beginning with that verse which I call our dimetre, the other ending with the same. The eighth and last was a kind of Anacreontic verse, handled in this chapter. These numbers which by my long observation I have found agreeable with the nature of our syllables, I have set forth for the benefit of our language, which I presume the learned will not only initiate, but also polish and amplify with their own inventions. Some ears accustomed altogether to the fatness of rime, may perhaps except against the cadences of these numbers, but let any man judicially examine them, and he shall find they close of themselves so perfectly, that the help of rime were not only in them superfluous, but also absurd. Moreover, that they agree with the nature of our English it is manifest, because they entertain so willingly our own British names, which the writers in English heroics could never aspire unto, and even our rimers themselves have rather delighted in borrowed names than in their own, though much more apt and necessary. But it is now time that I proceed to the censure of our syllables, and that I set such laws upon them as by imitation, reason, or experience, I can confirm. Yet before I enter into that discourse, I will briefly recite and dispose in order all such feet as are necessary for composition of the verses before described. They are six in number, three whereof consist of two syllables, and as many of three.

Feet of two syllables.

<i>Iambic</i> :	} as {	<i>rēvenge</i>
<i>Trochaic</i> :		<i>bēautif</i>
<i>Spondee</i> :		<i>cōnstant</i>

Feet of three syllables.

<i>Tribrach</i> :	} as {	<i>mīst'ry</i>
<i>Anapaestic</i> :		<i>mīst'ries</i>
<i>Dactyl</i> :		<i>dēstīn'g</i>

The tenth Chapter, of the quantity of English syllables.

The Greeks in the quantity of their syllables were far more licentious than the Latins, as Martial in his epigram of Earinon witnesseth, saying, *Musas qui colimus severiores*. But the English may very well challenge much more license than either of them, by reason it stands chiefly upon monosyllables, which in expressing with the voice, are of a heavy carriage, and for that cause the dactyl, tribrach, and anapaestic are not greatly missed in our verses. But above all the accent of our words is diligently to be observed, for chiefly by the accent in any language the true value of the syllables is to be measured. Neither can I remember any impediment except position that can alter the accent of any syllable in our English verse. For though we accent the second of *Trumpington* short, yet is it naturally long, and so of necessity must be held of every composer. Wherefore the first rule that is to be observed is the nature of the accent, which we must ever follow.

The next rule is position, which makes every syllable

long, whether the position happens in one or in two words, according to the manner of the Latins, wherein is to be noted that *h* is no letter.

Position is when a vowel comes before two consonants, either in one or two words. In one, as in *best*, *e* before *st*, makes the word *best* long by position. In two words, as in *settled love*: *e* before *d* in the last syllable of the first word, and *l* in the beginning of the second makes *led* in *settled* long by position.

A vowel before a vowel is always short, as *fling*, *dīng*, *gōing*, unless the accent alter it, as in *dñiing*.

The diphthong in the midst of a word is always long, as *plaiing*, *deceivīng*.

The synalæphas or elisions in our tongue are either necessary to avoid the hollowness and gaping in our verse as *to*, and *the*, *l'enchānt*, *th' enchanter*, or may be used at pleasure, as for *let us* to say *let's*; for *we will*, *we'll*; for *every*, *ev'ry*; for *they are*, *th' are*; for *he is*, *he's*; for *admired*, *admir'd*; and such like.

Also, because our English orthography (as the French) differs from our common pronunciation, we must esteem our syllables as we speak, not as we write; for the sound of them in a verse is to be valued, and not their letters; as for *follow*, we pronounce *follo*; for *perfect*, *perfet*; for *little*, *littel*; for *love-sick*, *love-sik*; for *honour*, *honor*; for *money*, *mony*; for *dangerous*, *dangerus*; for *raunsome*, *raunsum*; for *though*, *tho*; and their like.

Derivatives hold the quantities of their primitives,

flīing. I have kept the old spelling in *flīing*, *dīing*, &c.

as *desist*, *desist*, *desist*, *desist*, and so in the comparison, as *desist* & *desist*.

In words of two syllables, if the last have a full and rising accent that sticks long upon the voice, the first syllable is always short, unless *punctum*, or the diphthong *ea* make it long, as *desist*, *punctum*, *desist*, *punctum*, *desist*, and such like.

If the like dissyllables at the beginning have double consonants of the same kind, we may use the first syllable as common, but more naturally short, because in their pronunciation we touch but one of those double letters, as *desist*, *desist*, *desist*. The like we may say when silent and melting consonants meet together, as *desist*, *desist*, *desist*, *desist*, and such like.

Words of two syllables that in their last syllable maintain a fix or falling accent, ought to hold their first syllable long, as *right*, *glory*, *spirit*, *fiery*, *labour*, and the like: *easy*, *misery*, *pretty*, *hilly*, and their like, are excepted.

One observation which leads me to judge of the difference of these dissyllables whereof I last spake, I take from the original monosyllable; which if it be grave, as *shade*, I hold that the first of *shady* must be long; so *true*, *truly*; *have*, *having*; *fire*, *firing*.

Words of three syllables for the most part are derived from words of two syllables, and from them take the quantity of their first syllable, as *flourish*, *flourishing*, long; *hilly*, *hilliness*, short; but *mi* in *miser* being long, hinders not the first of *misery* to be short, because the sound of the *i* is a little altered.

De, *di*, and *pro*, in trisyllable (the second being short) are long, as *dēsōlāte*, *dīltīgēnt*, *prōdīgal*. *Re* is ever short, as *rēmēdīj*, *rēfērēnce*, *rēddēnt*, *rēvērēnd*.

Likewise the first of these trisyllables is short, as the first of *bēnēfit*, *gēnēral*, *hīdēous*, *mēmōrīj*, *nūmērous*, *pēnētrāte*, *sēpārate*, *tīmōrous*, *vārtant*, *vārtious*, and so may we esteem of all that yield the like quickness of sound.

In words of three syllables the quantity of the middle syllable is lightly taken from the last syllable of the original dissyllable, as the last of *dēvīne*, ending in a grave or long accent, make the second of *dēvīnīng* also long, and so *ēspīe*, *ēspīīng*, *dēnīe*, *dēnīīng*: contrarywise it falls out if the last of the dissyllable bears a flat or falling accent, as *glōrīe*, *glōrītīng*, *ēnvīe*, *ēnvītīng*, and so forth.

Words of more syllables are either borrowed and hold their own nature, or are likewise derived and so follow the quantity of their primitives, or are known by their proper accents, or may be easily censured by a judicial ear.

All words of two or more syllables ending with a falling accent in *y* or *ye*, as *fārlīe*, *dēmurellē*, *beawtīe*, *pīttīe*; or in *ue*, as *vīrtuē rēscuē*; or in *ow*, as *fōllōw*, *hōllōw*; or in *e*, as *parlē*, *Daphnē*; or in *a*, as *mannā*; are naturally short in their last syllables. Neither let any man cavil at this licentiate abbreviating of syllables, contrary to the custom of the Latins, which made all their last syllables that ended in *u* long, but let him consider that our verse of five feet, and for the most part but of ten syllables, must equal theirs of six feet

va, ve, vi, vo, or vu, as vacant, vew, vine, voide, and vulture.

All monosyllables or polysyllables that end in single consonants, either written, or sounded with single consonants, having a sharp lively accent, and standing without position of the word following, are short in their last syllable, as *scab, sled, parted, God, of, if, banded, anguish, sick, quick, rivall, will, people, simple, comè, somè, him, them, from, summon, then, pròp, prosper, honoür, labour, this, his, speechè, goddèssè, perfect, bitt, what, that*, and their like.

The last syllable of all words in the plural number that have two or more vowels before *s*, are long, as *virtues, duties, miseries, fellowès.*

These rules concerning the quantity of our English syllables I have disposed as they came next into my memory; others, more methodical, time and practice may produce. In the mean season, as the grammarians leave many syllables to the authority of poets, so do I likewise leave many to their judgments; and withal thus conclude, that there is no art begun and perfected at one enterprise.

FINIS.

SCATTERED VERSES.

From Davison's Poetical Rhapsody, 1602.¹

A Hymn in praise of Neptune.

OF Neptune's empire let us sing,
At whose command the waves obey :
To whom the rivers tribute pay,
Down the high mountains sliding :
To whom the scaly nation yields
Homage for the crystal fields
Wherein they dwell :
And every sea-god pays a gem
Yearly out of his wat'ry cell
To deck great Neptune's diadem. 10

¹ The song was written in 1594 for the Gray's Inn Masque "Gesta Graiorum," which is printed in Nichols' "Progresses of Queen Elizabeth." Nichols' text differs slightly from Davison's. In l. 3 Nichols omits "the," and in l. 6 gives "their" for "the." For "echoes" (l. 13) Nichols reads "trumpets"; for "echoing rock" (l. 18), "echoing voice"; for "murmuring" (l. 19), "mourning"; and for "The praise" (l. 20), "In praise." Two absurd misreadings are given by Nichols,— "praise again" (l. 8) for "pays a gem," and "The waiters" (l. 13) for "The water." Three other songs of Campion are given in the "Rhapsody,"—"And would you see my mistress' face," "Blame not my cheeks," and "When to her lute Corinna sings." They are from Campion and Rosseter's "Book of Airs."

The Tritons dancing in a ring
 Before his palace gates do make
 The water with their echoes quake,
 Like the great thunder sounding :
 The sea-nymphs chant their accents shrill,
 And the sirens, taught to kill
 With their sweet voice,
 Make ev'ry echoing rock reply
 Unto their gentle murmuring noise
 The praise of Neptune's empery.

20

Prefixed to JOHN DOWLAND'S
*The First Book of Songs or
 Aires*, 1597.

*Thomae Campiani Epigramma.
 De instituto Authoris.*

FAMAM, posteritas quam dedit Orpheo,
 Dolandi melius Musica dat sibi,
 Fugaces reprimens Archetypis sonos ;
 Quas et delicias praebuit auribus,
 Ipsis conspicuas luminibus facit.

Prefixed to BARNABE BARNES'
Four Books of Offices, 1606.¹

*In Honour of the Author by Tho : Campion, Doctor in
 Physic.*

To the Reader.

THOUGH neither thou dost keep the keys of state
 Nor yet the counsels, reader, what of that ?

¹ In some copies Campion's verses are not found. Concerning the relations between Campion and Barnes see *Introduction*.

Though th' art no law-pronouncer marked by fate,
 Nor field-commander, reader, what of that?
 Blanch not this book; for if thou wilst to be
 Virtuous and honest it belongs to thee.
 Here is the school of temperance and wit,
 Of Justice and all forms that tend to it;
 Here Fortitude doth teach to live and die:
 Then, Reader, love this book, or rather buy. 10

Ejusdem ad Anthorem.

Personas propriis recte virtutibus ornes,
 Barnesi; liber hic vivet, habet genium.
 Personae virtus umbra est, hanc illa refalcit;
 Nec scio splendescat corpus an umbra magis.

FROM RICHARD ALISON'S *An
 Hour's Recreation in Music*,
 1606.¹

WHAT if a day, or a month, or a year
 Crown thy delights with a thousand sweet contentings?
 Cannot a chance of a night or an hour
 Cross thy desires with as many sad tormentings?
 Fortune, Honour, Beauty, Youth
 Are but blossoms dying;
 Wanton Pleasure, doting Love,
 Are but shadows flying.

¹ Alison gives only two stanzas; and probably the three bracketed stanzas—which are found in "The Golden Garland of Princely Delights" and in the "Roxburghe Ballads"—do not belong to Campion. In the "Golden Garland" and in the "Roxburghe Ballads" the third stanza, "What if a smile," follows the

All our joys are but toys,
 Idle thoughts deceiving ; 10
 None hath power of an hour
 In our lives' bereaving.

first stanza ; and Alison's second stanza, "Earth's but a point," is placed at the end of the song, altered as follows—

"Then if all this have declared thine amiss,
 Take this from me for a gentle friendly warning ;
 If thou refuse and good counsel abuse,
 Thou mayst hereafter dearly buy thy warning.
 All is hazard that we have," &c.

In the "Roxburghe Ballads" a "Second Part" is appended. I have not reproduced it.

Chappell, in "Popular Music of the Olden Time," i. 310, has a long notice of the present song. "The music," he remarks, "is in a volume of transcripts of virginal music, by Sir John Hawkins ; in *Logonomia Anglica*, by Alexander Gil, 1619 ; in *Friesche Lust-Hof*, 1634 ; in D. R. Camphuysen's *Stichtelyche Rymen*, 4to, Amsterdam, 1647 ; in the Skene MS. ; in Forbes' *Cantus*, &c. The same words are differently set by Richard Allison." When Chappell stated that "neither the words nor music are found in Campion's printed collection," he overlooked the fact that "Thomas Campion, M. D." is printed below the song in Alison's song-book.

There was a fifteenth century song to which Campion was indebted ; for J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps pointed out (in 1840) "that one of the songs in Ryman's well-known collection of the fifteenth century in the Cambridge Public Library commences

'What yf a daye, or night, or howre,
 Crowne my desyres wythe every delyghte ;'

and that in Sanderson's Diary in the British Museum, MSS. Lansdowne 241, fol. 49, temp. Elizabeth, are the two first stanzas of the song, more like the copy in Ryman, and differing in its minor arrangements from the latter version. Moreover,

Earth's but a point to the world, and a man
 Is but a point to the world's compared centre :
 Shall then a point of a point be so vain
 As to triumph in a silly point's adventure ?

that the tune in Dowland's Musical Collection in the Public Library, Cambridge, is entitled 'What if a day or a night or an hour !' agreeing with Sanderson's copy."

The first two stanzas were anonymously printed as early as 1603, at the end of "Ane verie excellent and delectabill Treatise intitult Philotvs. Qvharin we may persave the greit inconveniences that fallis out in the Mariage betwene age and zouth," Edinburgh, 4to. A few textual variations occur. "Philotus" gives :—

- l. 2. "thy desire ;" "wished contentings."
- l. 3. "the chance."
- l. 4. "thy delightes ;" "a thousand sad."
- l. 7. "wanton plesoures."
- l. 13. "of the world."
- l. 14. "of the earths."
- l. 15. "the point of."
- l. 16. "As to delight."
- l. 18. "Here is nothing."
- l. 19. "are but streams."
- ll. 21-22. "Well or wo tyme dois go, in tyme is no returning."

(In the "Golden Garland" and "Roxburghe Ballads" the reading is "Wealth or woe. . . . There is no returning.")

[What¹ if a smile, or a beck, or a look,
 Feed thy fond thoughts with many a sweet conceiving ;
 May not that smile, or that beck, or that look,
 Tell thee as well they are but vain deceiving ?²

¹ In these bracketed stanzas I follow—with some slight corrections—the text of the "Golden Garland" and "Roxburghe Ballads." Chappell's text is somewhat different.

² "Golden Garland" and "Roxburghe Ballads" give "decieivings."

All is hazard that we have,
 There is nothing biding ;
 Days of pleasure are like streams
 Through fair meadows gliding.

20

Why should beauty be so proud,
 In things of no surmounting ?
 All her wealth is but [a] shroud,
 Of³ a rich accounting.
 Then in this repose no bliss,
 Which is vain and idle ;
 Beauty's flow'rs have their hours,
 Time doth hold the bridle.

What if the world, with allures of her wealth,
 Raise thy degree to a place of high advancing ;
 May not the world, by a check of that wealth,
 Bring thee again to as low despised chancing ?

Whilst the sun of wealth doth shine
 Thou shalt have friends plenty ;
 But, come want, then they repine,
 Not one abides of twenty.
 Wealth and friends holds and ends,
 As your fortunes rise and fall :
 Up and down, smile⁴ and frown,
 Certain is no state at all.

What if a grief, or a strain, or a fit,
 Pinch thee with pain of the feeling pangs of sickness ;
 May not that gripe, or that strain, or that fit
 Shew thee the form of thine own true perfect likeness ?

Health is but a glimpse of joy,
 Subject to all changes ;
 Mirth is but a silly toy,
 Which mishap estranges.

³ Chappell's reading "Nothing of accounting" is far better.

⁴ So Chappell.—"Golden Garland" and "Roxburghe Ballads" give "rise" (caught from the preceding line).

Weal and woe, time doth go,
 Time is never turning :
 Secret fates guide our states,
 Both in mirth and mourning.

Prefixed to ALFONSO FERRA-
 BOSCO'S *Airs*, 1609.

To the Worthy Author.

MUSIC'S rich master and the offspring
 Of rich music's father,¹
 Old Alfonso's image living,
 These fair flowers you gather
 Scatter through the British soil ;
 Give thy fame free wing,
 And gain the merit of thy toil.
 We whose loves affect to praise thee,
 Beyond thine own deserts can never raise thee.

By T. Campion, Doctor in Physic.

Tell me, then, silly man,
 Why art thou so weak of wit,
 As to be in jeopardy,
 When thou mayst in quiet sit?

¹ Alfonso Ferrabosco, the elder, was a famous musician ;
 "inferior to none" (says Peacham in the "Compleat Gentle-
 man").

Prefixed to *Coryat's Crudities*,
1611.

*Incipit Thomas Campianus
Medicinae Doctor.*

In Peragrantissimi, Itinerosissimi,
Montiscandentissimique Peditis Tho-
mae Coryati, viginti hebdomadarium
Diarium, sex pedibus gradiens,
partim vero claudicans,
Encomiasticon.

*Ad Venetos venit corio Coryatus ab uno
Vectus, et, ut vectus, paene revectus erat.
Nave una Dracus sic totum circuit orbem,
At rediens retulit te, Coryate, minus.
Illius undigenas tenet unica charta labores,
Tota tuos sed vix bibliotheca capit.
Explicit Thomas Campianus.*

Prefixed to THOMAS RAVENSCROFT'S *A Brief Discourse of the true (but neglected) use of Charactering the Degrees by their Perfection, Imperfection, and Diminution in Measurable Music, &c.* 1614. 4to.

MARKS that did limit lands in former times
 None durst remove ; so much the common good
 Prevailed with all men : 'twas the worst of crimes.
 The like in Music may be understood,
 For that the treasure of the soul is next
 To the rich store-house of divinity :
 Both comfort souls that are with care perplex,
 And set the spirit both from passions free.
 The marks that limit Music here are taught,
 So fixed of old, which none by right can change, so
 Though Use much alteration hath wrought,
 To Music's fathers that would now seem strange.
 The best embrace, which herein you may find,
 And th' author praise for his good work and mind

From a *MS. commonplace-book*
(of the middle of the seven-
teenth century) belonging to
his Grace the DUKE OF
BUCCLEUCH, K.G., K.T.

HIDE not, sweetest Love, a sight so pleasing
As those *smalls* so light composed,
Those fair pillars your knees gently easing,
That tell wonders, being disclosed.
O show me yet a little more :
Here's the way, bar not the door.

How like sister's *twines* these knees are joined
To resist my bold approaching !
Why should beauty lurk, like mines uncoined ?
Love is right and no encroaching. 10
O show me yet a little more :
Here's the way, bar not the door.

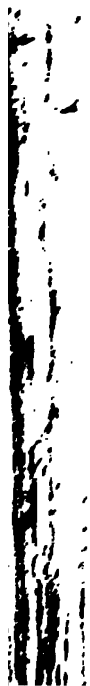
I attribute these verses to Campion from internal evidence.
Compare "Sweet, exclude me not," pp. 74-5.

1. 2. *smalls*. MS. "smales." (*Small* was the term for the stock of a pillar.)

1. 7. *sister's twines*. *Sister* was an old form of *sewster*. The expression *sister's thread* is common: see Dyce's edition of Gifford's *Ford*, iii. 54.

1. 8. *bold*. MS. "blood."

1. 9. *like mines*. MS. "like mine eyes." (Campion is comparing virgin beauty to the uncoined metal in a mine.)



NOTES



NOTES.

- p. 3. *Sir Thomas Mounson.*] See *Introduction*.
 p. 3, l. II. *challenged*] claimed.
 p. 4, l. II. *censured*] judged.
 p. 4, l. 19. *only one song in Sapphic verse*, i. e.
 "Come, let us sound," &c. p. 22.
 p. 7, l. 1. *My sweetest Lesbia*.—Suggested by (and partly translated from) Catullus' "Vivamus, mea Lesbia, atque amemus."
 p. 10, IV. 20. *proved*] approved, admired.
 p. 15, XII. *Thou art not fair*.—There are two other versions of this poem (which has been erroneously attributed to Dr. Donne and to Sylvester) in Harley MS. 6910, fol. 150:—

"Thou shalt not love me, neither shall these eyes
 Shine on my soul shrouded in deadly night;
 Thou shalt not breathe on me thy spiceries,
 Nor rock me in thy quavers of delight.
 Hold off thy hands; for I had rather die
 Than have my life by thy coy touch reprieved.
 Smile not on me, but frown thou bitterly:
 Slay me outright, no lovers are long lived.
 As for those lips reserved so much in store,
 Their rosy verdure shall not meet with mine.
 Withhold thy proud embracements evermore:
 I'll not be swaddled in those arms of thine.
 Now show it if thou be a woman right,—
 Embrace and kiss and love me in despite."
Finis. Tho: Camp:

"BEAUTY WITHOUT LOVE DEFORMITY.

"Thou art not fair for all thy red and white,
 For all those rosy temperatures in thee ;
 Thou art not sweet, though made of mere delight,
 Nor fair nor sweet unless thou pity me.
 Thine eyes are black, and yet their glittering brightness
 Can night enlume in her darkest den ;
 Thy hands are bloody, though¹ contrived of whiteness,
 Both black and bloody, if they murder men ;
 Thy brows, whereon my good hap doth depend,
 Fairer than snow or lily in the spring ;
 Thy tongue which saves (?) at every sweet word's end,
 That hard as marble, this a mortal sting :
 I will not soothe thy follies, thou shalt prove
 That Beauty is no Beauty without Love."

Finis. Idem.

p. 17, XVI. *Mistress, since you so much desire*.—Cf. the song "Beauty, since you so much desire" in the *Fourth Book of Airs*, XXII. pp. 128-9.

p. 18, XVII. *Your fair looks*.—There is another version (far better) of this song in the *Fourth Book of Airs*, XXIII. pp. 129-130.

p. 19, XVIII. *The man of life upright*.—This poem (which was reprinted with some textual variations in *Two Books of Airs*, p. 47) has been wrongly attributed to Bacon.

p. 19, XVIII. 11. *Vaults*] old form of "vaults."

p. 21, XX. 4. *White lope*.—Campion had in his mind a passage of Propertius, II. 28 :—

"Sunt apud inferos tot millia formosarum :
 Pulchra sit in superis, si licet, una locis.
 Vobiscum est lope, vobiscum candida Tyro,
 Vobiscum Europe, nec proba Pasiphae."

p. 43. *Francis Earl of Cumberland*.—Francis Clifford, fourth Earl of Cumberland, succeeded in 1605 his brother George Clifford, third Earl, the well-known naval adventurer. He died in 1641.

¹ MS. "thoughts."

p. 47, l. 4. *a stray*] Cf. Drayton's *The Cryer* :—

"If you my heart do see,
Either impound it for a *stray*
Or send it back to me."

p. 47, l. 7. *recure*] cure.

p. 57, XIV. 16. *the ground*] a musical term,—the air in which variations were played.

p. 62, XX. 19. *tuttyes*] nosegays.

p. 67, III. *Harden now thy tired heart*, &c.—Cf. Catullus, VIII., *Ad Se Ipsum*, ll. 11-19, "Sed obstinata mente perfer, obdura," &c.

p. 74, XI. 4. *sure*] affianced.

p. 79, XVI. *Though your strangeness*.—This song is printed, with some textual variations, in Robert Jones's *Musical Dream*, 1609. See *Lyrics from Elizabethan Song-book*, 1887, pp. 134-5.

p. 93, VII. 2. *Keeps no day*.—The poet is comparing his mistress to a smooth-spoken debtor who promises to pay at a certain date and does not keep his promise.

p. 94, VIII. *O grief, O spite*, &c.—One is reminded of Shakespeare's sonnet, "Tired with all these," &c.

p. 102, XVIII. *Thrice toss these oaken ashes*.

This poem was included in the 1633 edition of Joshua Sylvester's works, among the "Remains never till now imprinted." Sylvester has not a shadow of claim to it. There is a MS. copy of it in Harleian MS. 6910, fol. 150, where it is 'correctly assigned to Campion. The MS. gives it in the form of a sonnet :—

"Thrice toss those oaken ashes in the air,
And thrice three times tie up this true love's knot ;
Thrice sit you down in this enchanted chair,
And murmur soft 'She will or she will not.'
Go, burn those poisoned weeds in that blue fire,
This cypress gathered out a dead man's grave,
These screech-owl's feathers and the prickling briar,
That all thy thorny cares an end may have.
Then come, you fairies, dance with me a round
‡ Dance in a circle, let my love be centre !

Melodiously breathe an enchanted sound :
Melt her hard heart that some remorse may enter !
In vain are all the charms I can devise ;
She hath an art to break them with her eyes."

p. 111, l. 20. *All these songs are mine, if you express them well.*—Campion is borrowing from Martial, 1. xxxix. :—

"Quem recitas meus est, O Fidentine, libellus :
Sed male cum recitas, incipit esse tuus."

p. 114, V. 9. *the Pawn*] A corridor serving as a bazaar in the Royal Exchange (Gresham's).

p. 116, VII. *There is a garden.*—This poem is found in Alison's *Hours Recreation*, 1606, and Robert Jones' *Ultimum Vale* (1608).

p. 119, XI. 8. *diseased*] put to discomfort.

p. 124, XVII. *I must complain.*

In Christ Church MS. 1, 5, 49, there is a copy of this song which differs considerably from the printed text. After the first stanza the MS. reads :—

"Thus my complaints from her untruth arise,
Accusing her and nature both in one ;
For beauty stained is but a false disguise,
A common wonder that is quickly gone,
And false fair souls cannot for all their feature,
Without a true heart make a true fair creature.

What need[s]t thou plain if thou be still rejected ?
The fairest creature sometime may prove strange :
Continual plaints will make thee still rejected,
If that her wanton mind be given to range :
And nothing better fits a man's true parts
Than to disdain t'encounter fair false hearts."

The song is also found (with the same text as in Campion's Song-book) in Dowland's *Third Book of Songs or Aires*, 1603.

p. 124, XVIII. *Think'st thou to seduce me then.*—The following version of this song is given in William Corkine's *Airs*, 1610 :—

"Think you to seduce me so with words that have no meaning?

Parrots can learn so to speak, our voice by pieces glean-
ing :

Nurses teach their children so about the time of weaning.

Learn to speak first, then to woo : to wooing much
pertaineth.

He that hath not art to hide soon falters when he
feigneth,

And as one that wants his wits, he smiles when he
complaineth.

If with wit we be deceived, our falls may be excused :
Seeming good with flattery graced is but of few refused,
But of all accused are they that are by fools abused."

p. 133, l. 13. *Cunctatosque olim*, &c.—Campion fulfilled his promise by writing a masque (see p. 195) in celebration of the marriage of the Count Palatine with the Princess Elizabeth.

p. 134, l. 15. *dare*] dazzle.

p. 135, l. 55. *T'explore a passage*, &c.—On 26th July, 1612, King James appointed Prince Henry "supreme protector" of the expedition (fitted out by the Muscovy Company and East India Company) for the discovery of the North-West Passage (*Cal. State Papers Colon.*, 1513-1616, 616).

p. 142, l. 6. *With doubts late by a kingly pen decided*.—There may be a particular reference to King James' *Premonition to all most mighty Monarchs, Kings, Free Princes and States of Christendom*, 1609, written against Bellarmine.

p. 149, l. 2. *bandora*] a musical instrument resembling a guitar.

p. 149, l. 3. *sackbut*] bass trumpet.

p. 149, l. 6. *consorts*] bands of musicians.

p. 149, l. 18. *state*] chair of state.

p. 160, l. 8. *lese*] lose.

p. 173, l. 14. *by the great*] wholesale.

p. 179, l. 7. *The house is fairly built of brick*.—"This fair brick house was pulled down in the reign of

